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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

On Monday, 11th November, at 5 a.m., the German parliamentaires, authorised by the provisional Government at Berlin, signed the armistice, and at 11 a.m. the order to "cease fire" was given. Thus ended, after four years and three months, the great war, for although the armistice is not the treaty of peace, its terms are such that there can be no resumption of hostilities. At 3 o'clock on Monday afternoon the Speaker took the chair in his gold-laced robes, and the Prime Minister, who was received by the House of Commons standing, at once read the terms of the armistice, and moved "that the House do immediately adjourn until this time to-morrow, and that we, the House of Commons, proceed to St. Margaret's to give humble and reverent thanks for the great deliverance of the world from its great peril." Whereupon the House of Commons marched across the road in state to its own Church of St. Margaret's. It was Mr. Lloyd George's hour, and no one will grudge him the pinnacle on which he stands, for his heart never failed him; he never ceased to believe in victory in the darkest hours; and he communicated his enthusiasm to others.

As Macaulay said of Chatham, the Prime Minister bade England be of good cheer, and hurled defiance at her foes. But he did more than keep up our spirits by brave words; he kept the great Alliance together, perhaps the most difficult part of his mighty task, when dealing with sensitive nations like the French and the Italians. The second Pitt formed two Continental Alliances, and saw them both break up. Bolingbroke sold the Grand Alliance which Marlborough's genius had led. In addition to his management of the Allies, Mr. Lloyd George kept the industrial machine going at home as no other party leader could have done. Let us not forget these things—posterity will remember them—when we are obliged to criticise Mr. Lloyd George's treatment of individuals, often blameworthy enough, or find ourselves forced to differ from him in domestic politics.

The news of the signing of the armistice got abroad about 11 o'clock, and was received in the metropolis without much enthusiasm. There was a rapid appearance of flags, and a great many girls and boys, and a few soldiers and sailors careered about on lorries and in bands. In Trafalgar Square a band played, and there was some singing. But the majority of "grown-ups" took the news soberly, if not sadly. Most of them had lost too much, and many of them were too anxious about what was to follow, for exuberant rejoicing. The Stock Exchange is a fairly representative microcosm, and there, though there was much congratulation, the prevalent tone was one of uncertainty, and a kind of dazed relief. The nation is like a man who has been pressing with his whole force against a door which is suddenly opened from within. We have been projected forward, and must pull ourselves together.

The speeches at the Guildhall Banquet on the 9th November were worthy of the great occasion, a solemn moment of triumph. Mr. Balfour, M. Cambon, Sir Eric Geddes, and Lord Milner, each maintained a high level of dignified oratory. But inevitably there were too many speeches before the Prime Minister rose to address an excited and exhausted audience. As Mr. Lloyd George said, "one of the greatest moments in the history of the world is passing like a dream—we cannot realise it—it will take years, generations, centuries to develop the greatness of this hour that you and I are passing through now." That is true: the obscurest epoch is to-day. Luther, when he burnt the Pope's bull; Louis, when he summoned the States General; the Kaiser, when he signed the order for mobilisation, had not the faintest idea of the consequences of their acts. So we cannot even imagine what are going to be the results of our victory.

The Prime Minister's peroration was an impassioned appeal to the nation to maintain its unity, and to sink party differences for the present. "Any faction fights would mean the paralysis of an energy which is essential to clear the debris of war, and to build up a great and prosperous country for a happy and contented people to live in and enjoy the fruits of their triumph." We do not accuse Mr. Lloyd George of using a great national mood for electioneering purposes—he does not deserve that imputation. He believes, and we thoroughly agree with him, that at such an hour party degenerates into faction, and that the sinking of sectional disputes and class interests was never more important than to-day. Europe is a dissolving view of anarchy, and a strong non-party Coalition is the best means of maintaining our political equilibrium.

Two party meetings, convened by two party chiefs, were held on Tuesday that are likely to affect the immediate destiny of the country. Mr. Lloyd George addressed a body of his personal supporters, who were said by the newspapers to number 200, including such important individuals as Lord Inchcape, Lord Pirrie, and the Chairman of the Manchester Liberal Association. Mr. Bonar Law almost simultaneously harangued the Unionist party, and he was accompanied by Mr. Balfour, Sir Edward Carson, and Sir Auckland

Geddes. The object of the two meetings was identical—to continue the existence of the Coalition. Each party agreed to pardon or forget the infirmities of the other. Both meetings were as confidential as secrets told to two or three hundred members of both sexes always are. The Conservatives think they have got Mr. Lloyd George: and Mr. Lloyd George thinks he has got the Conservatives. *Esto Perpetua!*

There is one passage in the Prime Minister's speech to his followers which, we confess, fills us with alarm. Mr. Lloyd George spoke with impatience of the "cumbrous and dilatory proceedings" in Committee of the House of Commons, and suggested that after the principle of a Bill had been approved it should be referred to a committee of experts. This would deprive of its last vestige of power the House of Commons, which would then become, like the French Deputies, a purely declamatory body, where Fabian essays would be read or Trafalgar Square orations shouted. The best part of the House of Commons is composed of sober, somewhat inarticulate, men, whose real knowledge and practical commonsense comes out in the discussions of Committee. Heaven save us from government by experts! But this is one of those points on which, let us trust, Mr. Lloyd George will be kept straight by the Conservative wing of his Coalition or Central Party.

The terms of the Armistice have been published and analysed in all the newspapers for the last week, so we need not repeat them. The restoration of Belgium and of Alsace-Lorraine (in a much damaged condition) to their rightful owners is slowly becoming an accomplished fact. The occupation of the Rhenish provinces, the old Palatinate (the territory lying between Alsace-Lorraine and the Rhine), and the towns of Coblenz, Mayence, and Cologne, with three bridge-heads on the Rhine, and a neutral zone of ten miles on the right bank, will bring home to the Germans the fact of defeat. The armistice is to last thirty-six days, and will, doubtless, have to be extended from time to time until the peace is signed. In the meantime, the marine blockade is to be continued, and the Allies have undertaken to feed the Central Empires. This goes sorely against the grain, and as it will probably be many months before the treaty of peace is signed, we shall have to undergo privation of food in order to feed those who have starved and tortured their enemies for the last four years, and who would not have hesitated to starve the Allies had the war gone the other way.

We have been asked by official authority, along with all other organs of opinion, to abstain from discussing the possible terms of peace, for fear of creating disunion among the Allies, and increasing the difficulties of our representatives at the Conference. We cheerfully obey, but we cannot help asking why Lord Northcliffe was allowed to publish his peace terms in *The Times* and cable them round the world, and why Mr. Hughes is allowed to make mischief between the United States and the Allies by denouncing the Fourteen Points? Mr. Lloyd George emphatically snubbed Mr. Hughes in his Guildhall speech by declaring that the representatives of the Dominions were consulted before deciding on the Peace terms. Does Mr. Hughes represent Australia? He failed to carry conscription, and being beaten at the polls he refused to resign. Will he return to Australia, and obtain a fresh mandate?

Peace has her victories, etc.—we know the quotation. Reconstruction is a task almost as difficult, if not so dangerous, as the war. It is a thousand pities, approaching to a national calamity, that reconstruction should be in the hands of a second-rate politician like Dr. Addison, who was obliged to leave the Munitions Ministry because his administration was so conspicuous a failure. He has surrounded himself by a network of committees, manned by doctrinaires of the Sidney Webb type, extreme advocates of State

tyranny, and without an ounce of experience of finance or commerce. Dr. Addison and his satellites are the men whose business in life has been other peoples' business. We distrust the type profoundly. What is wanted are practical organisers, men of actual knowledge of labour, finance, and manufacture, men like Lord Inchcape, and Mr. Dudley Docker.

Sir Sidney Low, in an interesting and statistical article in the *Sunday Pictorial*, has pointed out that if the Germans in Austria join the Germans in Germany (as they have announced their intention of doing), Germany will have gained instead of losing by the war, as she will then have a population of 72,000,000, instead of 67,000,000 with which she began in 1914. Sir Sidney Low observes on this that Germany will thus remain by far the strongest State in Central Europe, and that her now exiled monarchs may use the fact to obtain their recall. But that is assuming the present Confederation known as the German Empire holds together, which is doubtful. The Bavarians are Catholics and hate the Prussians. The Saxons do not love the Prussians, as who does? As to the strength of population, we do not see how that can be prevented, except by the extermination of the German race. The Germans will continue to occupy Central Europe as a strong, prolific, and industrious people, under what form of government you or they will.

So far, the revolution in Germany has proceeded with moderation and self-restraint. The Majority and Minority Socialists have formed a government, and a National Assembly is to be elected by universal suffrage which shall decide on the form of Constitution. But then we remember that the Russian revolution began quietly enough under Kerenski and the Constitutionalists: so that it would be premature to assume that the danger of bloodshed and violence is passed. We do not, however, believe that the German people will adopt Bolshevism: method and order are in their bones. The Kaiser has effected his escape into Holland with a fairly numerous retinue of court officials, and has sunk, for the time, into the repose of a comfortable Dutch Castle. The Crown Prince is variously reported to have been shot and to have followed his father. The Kaiserin and the princesses are safe in the palace of Potsdam. Nobody knows where the King and Queen of Bavaria (the parents of the Queen of Belgium), the King of Saxony, the Emperor of Austria, and other Grand Dukes and Princes, have sought refuge. "They are gone," as the Prime Minister said.

We do not expect the recall of the Hohenzollerns, or the Wittelsbachs, or the Hapsburgs from exile. We prefer the monarchical to the republican form of government. But sorrowfully we are obliged to admit that the intermarriage of cousins which has been going on now for generations has left the Royal families of Europe without the stock of brains that are necessary for survival in modern times. The British, Italian, and Spanish monarchies remain, and we trust will revivify their blood by marrying commoners, which they have an opportunity of doing, now that the German princesses are withdrawn. The Tsar and the Kaiser both fell owing to lack of brains, though of a different kind. The Tsar was slow, and timid, and afraid of his wife. The Kaiser over-rated his own powers, and under-rated those of everybody else. The Austrian Emperor was suddenly confronted by a situation with which he was not clever enough to cope. They were all three degenerates.

We publish in another column the fourth of a series of articles on the commercial possibilities of South America, their exploitation by Germany, and their neglect by Britain, before the war. Mr. J. A. Grant, M.P., and Mr. Follett Holt, both members of Sir Maurice de Bunsen's Special Mission, endorsed our view in a letter to *The Times* a few days ago. They tell us that during the journey through South America



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all the Englishmen made the same complaint of neglect of their interests by the Home Government, and all expressed the same hope that the day of *laissez-faire* was over. Messrs. Grant and Follett not only throw over the Foreign Office, but are sceptical about the Department of Overseas Trade. Mr. Hope Gibson, of Buenos Ayres, representing the British Chamber of Commerce, has arrived in London; so something may be done. Sir Maurice de Bunsen's Mission cost a great deal of money, eat a great many dinners, made a great many speeches—and did nothing.

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch complained at Cambridge, with quite righteous indignation, that England had turned to "stunt" journalists and film artists to express the national mind during the greatest war in history. The true function of Parliament is lyrical, and there are in the two Houses of Legislature many trained orators, as there are outside its walls many famous writers. But Parliament has been gagged and snubbed, all the confidences of Ministers being reserved for the Press; while no one has ever thought of appealing to our men of letters of established reputation. What is the consequence? Disgusted by the blatant vulgarity of our posters and our newspapers, "the world hangs on the pen of an American, who can really write down what he means." All this comes of the apotheosis of Lord Northcliffe, and the selection of Mr. Hyams as our lyrical poet. And these things are done by the countrymen of Burke and Bright, of Gibbon and Macaulay!

It must be admitted that the Board of Agriculture and the Food Controller are faced with a very difficult problem, nothing less than the feeding of the whole world. We have undertaken to supply Central Europe with as much food as possible, not only on grounds of humanity (little as our enemies deserve that), but because if we didn't, the world-prices of food would rise against us. The Inter-allied Food Council, Mr. Clynes tells us, enabled us to control all food supplies outside Germany, Austria, and Russia, and this contributed in no small degree to end the war. But this feeding of prisoners and enemies, together with our deficiency of freezing machinery, puts any immediate prospect of relief from coupons out of the question.

Apart from quantity, there are two reasons why prices of food cannot fall, viz., the higher wages guaranteed to agricultural labourers, and the American Meat Trust, which, Major Astor warned us, extends all over the world, and controls more than 50 per cent. of the available importable meat supplies. We are surprised that President Wilson has not laid his restraining hand upon the possible rapacity of one of his own organizations, for this is the worst kind of profiteering. Mr. Clynes reminds us, in his own defence, that such was the caution of the Government in August that they combed out large numbers of butchers and slaughtermen, as they did with the colliers. We are suffering to-day, in the matter of food and fuel, from precautions, which are now seen to have been excessive, but for which the Government cannot be blamed.

Meanwhile, we notice that, in spite of transport difficulties which are mentioned as responsible for food shortage in this country, crowds of German guns have already been brought over and exhibited for the edification of the gazing populace. This kind of amusement is preferable to the rowdism which has had free vent this week. The military and civil authorities of London seem for the moment ready to smile on all sorts of unusual behaviour. On the signing of peace, when another outburst of popular manners may be expected, they should make some attempt to keep gaiety within due bounds. It is quite possible to have a good time without bullying your neighbours.

## WAR NOTES.

The terms of the armistice with Germany will, if fulfilled, deprive the enemy of all power to continue the struggle. The war will then have ceased officially. It does not follow that hostilities will everywhere cease. It is still doubtful whether the German fleet intends to accept the terms of the armistice. With mutiny in its ranks, revolution behind it, no army to assist it and the overwhelming naval forces of the Allies in front of it, it can accomplish nothing. A part of it may, nevertheless, prefer destruction to dishonour.

The Bavarians have lately invaded the Tyrol and seized the northern outlet of the Bremen Pass. They must now retire in accordance with the terms of the armistice, unless, indeed, the German-Austrians of the Tyrol elect to form part of the German nation.

The Allies have not, in the terms of the armistice, taken the right to move troops over the German railways as they have done in other cases. It is a somewhat notable omission. Marshal Foch evidently does not apprehend a continuance of hostilities by any isolated part of the German nation, such, for instance, as Prussia. The States of Germany evidently mean to hold together as a nation. From first to last Prussia has been the head of the German nation, the centre of its organisation, the source of its military inspiration. If the nation holds together the various States will probably again turn to her for leadership. Though "the military caste of Germany is discredited and destroyed," yet it should not be forgotten that the whole Prussian nation has, from the earliest times, been purely a military caste. The peace terms will probably deal severely with them. It is perhaps unfortunate that the centre of Prussian power is so far distant from the Allied armies.

The former Empire of Austria-Hungary has broken up into States inhabited by distinct races which have always been more or less inimical. Here is cause of future conflicts. For instance, the Czechs in Bohemia and Moravia are almost surrounded by German-Austrians. These latter have not only already signified their intention of joining their co-nationals of the German nation, but have laid claim to Bohemia and Moravia. It should not be difficult for German propaganda, with its unrivalled powers of intrigue, to sway the "self-determination" of the Czechs in the required direction. There is a prospect that the future German nation, with its inherent capacity for organisation, may, in the end, be more powerful for good or evil than it has been in the past.

The conditions throughout Central Europe must be pitiable. Starvation and disease will stalk through the land. Bolshevism is spreading apparently even into Switzerland. Great revolutions are in progress and no man can say what the result of them will be. They usually end in military despotisms. The Bolsheviks may endeavour to force their "ideals" on neighbouring nations as did the French after their revolution of the eighteenth century. The "Associated Powers"—the League of Nations—must endeavour to put a termination to it, perhaps by force. It is clear that universal peace is by no means assured even though the Central Powers have been decisively beaten. It is desirable that the British people should quickly form clear ideas as to their future armaments.

It is not expressed in the terms of the armistice how it is to be enforced, or what will happen in the event of the Germans evading or disobeying its requirements. For instance, it is one of the terms that all Allied prisoners are to be immediately released and repatriated. Yet it is stated in the telegrams from abroad that the Germans, so far from setting out prisoners at liberty, have set them to forced labour. Presumably no food will be supplied to Germans if they do not carry out the terms of the armistice, and the Allied troops are all the time advancing to the Rhine. In making arrangements for the army of occupation that will be necessary, it will only be fair that the Americans should furnish the largest number of troops, so that the war-weary French and British may, most of them, be sent home.

## NEMESIS.

One of the soldier-poets in Mr. St. John Adcock's book wrote that the Kaiser reminded him of Macbeth, with the High Command as Lady Macbeth, and the Court flatterers as the weird sisters. The comparison is happy, and we imagine that the pen which signed the order for mobilisation in July, 1914, has been as hastily put away as the dagger which smote Duncan in his sleep. It wants the genius of a Sophocles or a Shakespeare to paint the irresistible sweep of destiny, driving an insensate and hesitating ambition to its doom. According to all accounts the generals of the Imperial Staff during the previous four or five years tried again and again to persuade the Kaiser to declare war. Twice, over the Moroccan question, they very nearly succeeded; and twice the unhappy victim drew back. His son and heir backed the arguments of the Staff, and did not conceal in the Reichstag his contempt for his father's indecision. At last in 1914 fate seized the wretch in an ineluctable grip: he screwed his courage to the sticking place, and advanced swiftly to his fall. The Greeks loved to trace the ruin of an individual to an overmastering vice. In William, the third German Emperor, the cause of his undoing was Insolence (*hubris*). When, in July, 1914, Austria, repenting at the eleventh hour, offered to leave her case to a Conference, it was the Insolence of the German Kaiser that vetoed it, saying that Austria was his Ally, and could not, like some petty Balkan State, submit to the Concert of Europe. It was the Insolence of the Kaiser that led him to speak of French's "contemptible little army"; to believe Tirpitz when he said he could bring England to her knees by the submarines; and to disbelieve that the United States would or could intervene effectively in the War. Nay, his Insolence went so far as to threaten the Americans, and to tell them that after the war he would not forget them. Whether the Kaiser made his subjects like himself, or whether his subjects made the Kaiser like themselves, is a subtle point we cannot determine. But certain it is that the Kaiser was typical, the incarnation of the spirit of his race. The Insolence of the Germans makes them commit blunders that are almost incredible. Insolence is the result of a lack of imagination. Most accurately the Germans counted their own ships and soldiers and guns, and the ships and guns and soldiers of their enemies. What they could not reckon with, because they could not see it, was the uprising of the spirit of the world against their own Insolence. In spiritual matters the Germans are colour-blind, and that has caused their ruin.

Nemesis overtakes Insolence. The All-Highest War Lord, who declared that nothing should be done in the world without his consent, is a fugitive, dependent on the mercy of the Dutch. His heir is "missing," and is variously reported to be in hiding, and to be dead, killed in a scuffle with a corporal's guard. His empress and his daughters are contemptuously protected in some palace by those *bourgeois* Socialists whom he so often bullied, and, when he could, imprisoned. The editors, whose lightest hint of criticism a few weeks ago was *lèse-majesté*, immediately punished by suspension or arrest, now denounce or deride him as butcher or buffoon. The comic journals are full of the grossest caricatures of himself and his family. And, cruellest cut of all, Hindenburg has placed himself at the disposal of the Socialist Government! Nor can William feel easy about the preservation of his own life. The Tsar, whom he might have saved by lifting his little finger, was murdered, with wife and family, in cold blood. But any death, provided it were quick, would be preferable to living, stung by the memory of fruitless crimes and pursued by the curses and contempt of mankind. Bonaparte was execrated, but he was not despised: he led his armies in person, and his crimes were not committed, nor his victories won, by deputy.

"Better be with the dead,  
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,  
Than on the torture of the mind to lie  
In restless ecstasy."

## THE NEW PARTY.

THE meeting of the Unionist Party at the Connaught Rooms on Tuesday was full of electric life. Indeed it would be more correct to say that a new Party was born, the herald and companion of the awakening of a great people to work a change in their opinions and institutions. This awakening is the unflinching follower of a national struggle for liberty such as has just been brought to a victorious close. Mr. Bonar Law was in the chair, and the keynote of the gathering was unity, the union of all good men in defence of all that is valuable in our civilization, and with the resolution to reform what is amiss, or has ceased to fit the requirements of the new age. The leaders of this Party will be Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Bonar Law, and it was unanimously agreed that by-gones should be by-gones. The favourite pastime of hunting up quotations from old speeches for the purpose of recrimination is to be abandoned to mugwumps and writers in the magazines. It is recognised that without the Unionist Party Mr. Lloyd George could not have become Prime Minister, and that without Mr. Lloyd George the war might possibly not have been so soon or so completely won. We have sometimes expressed in these columns impatience at the effacement of the Unionist Party and its leader. We admit that Mr. Bonar Law's patriotic consent to play second fiddle has been justified by the event; and that his claim to the support of his followers has been strengthened beyond dispute by his waiving of sectional and personal pretensions.

And the programme of the new Party? To our relief we learn that the old war-cries of Tariff Reform and Free are to be dropped, at all events for the present, but that certain practical reforms in our fiscal system are to be recommended to the electors. The industries that are necessary to our national security—sometimes called key or pivotal industries—are to be protected; and measures taken to prevent the dumping of goods produced, either by the subsidies of foreign kartels, or by foreign cheap labour. Colonial preference without taxation, which we take to mean subsidies to British shipping, and an increase of the duties on Chinese tea and Dutch coffee, is to be put in practice. The House of Lords is to be reconstituted out of deference to the popular prejudice against the principle of heredity, which we hold to be a mistake, but against which it is as idle to protest as it would be to object to the east wind. We deem the transmission of inherited aptitudes, for government as well as other things, to be a biological fact proved by a confluence of irrefragable evidence. But we have observed that Democracy, whilst professing the profoundest respect for science, only accepts its conclusions when they agree with its own political predilections. In this whimsical inconsistency King Demos is not unlike other autocrats, and his humour must be obeyed, with the hope that experience may change it. The country will never get as good a Second Chamber as the House of Lords, which is in truth the envy of other nations. Even with powers reduced to a suspensory veto of three years, the House of Lords exhibits a freedom of expression and an independence of thought which will pass from it as soon as it becomes dependent on a popular vote. But it is no use saying these things to the new electors: they do not believe them: and nothing but the teaching of events will cure them of their irrational preference for the accident of an election to the accident of birth.

With regard to Ireland, it is impossible to ignore the fact that a Home Rule Act is on the Statute Book. But that Act must be amended, because it is agreed that the coercion of Ulster is not to be thought of. Home Rule without the six counties will be offered to the rest of Ireland, and if the other provinces do not like it, they must leave it. Ulster has been, as a matter of course, splendidly loyal through the war, and has borne her due share of our burthens, of our fears, and hopes, of our dangers and privations. Ulster is tired of being shut out of the fellowship of England and Scotland, and of reading that "this Act does not apply to Ireland." The measure of Home Rule offered to the provinces outside Ulster will have



to be modified by the experience of the years of war. We may be sorry for the old Nationalist leaders, who are now destined to pass out of Irish politics. But they had their choice between disaffected Ireland and the British Empire, and they chose the former. They must take the consequences; they have had their hour, and have been outbid in disaffection by the Sinn Feiners. If a measure of autonomy is offered to the Sinn Feiners it must be accompanied by the most stringent precautions with regard to the ports and harbours, the control of the magistracy and the constabulary, the tariff, the currency, and the security of property. It will be necessary to leave a large military force in the island to protect orderly and helpless citizens from the Bolshevism of the gentry who organized the rebellion of Easter, 1916. Above all things, it will be necessary to cut down the representation of Ireland in the House of Commons, so that the main stream of our politics may no longer be soiled by the turbid tributary of disloyal Ireland.

What shall the new Party be called? If some measure of Home Rule be agreed on for the three Provinces and Ulster be joined to Great Britain, Unionist would be rather an absurd name. Conservative or Tory might not sound pleasantly in the ears of Mr. Lloyd George. Perhaps it may be decided to disregard General Croft's patent, or possibly the General might part with his patent for a peerage, and so the New Party might be called the National. For the moment it will, of course, be called the Coalition, and under that rather awkward title it will go to the polls. If Mr. Lloyd George's personal following is, as stated in the papers, about 200, and the Unionists can come anywhere near the figure of 1910, the two together ought to secure a sweeping majority in the House of Commons. By whom will the Coalition be opposed? Apparently not by Mr. Asquith and his rapidly dwindling supporters, but only by the Irish Disloyalists; and by the Independent Labour Party. Cicero called his party "the good men, the best" (*boni viri, optimi*). May we not say that the Coalition gathers round its policy of national unity the best men of all classes in the State?

#### THE AMERICAN ELECTIONS.

THE Sixty-Sixth Congress, which President Wilson calls together in March, will have small Republican majorities in both houses. This is the first domestic set-back which the present White House "despot" has encountered. Sending Colonel House to represent him at Versailles, Mr. Wilson remained at home and challenged the electorate in a personal way. "The return of Republican majorities," he told his people plainly, "would certainly be interpreted on the other side of the water as a repudiation of my leadership."

Ex-President Taft put the Republican case in these words: "Do we wish to make the terms of peace and reconstruction after the war depend upon the uncontrolled will of Woodrow Wilson?" The domestic contest was sharp and short. "If, in these critical days," was Mr. Wilson's plea, "it is your wish to support me with undivided mind, I beg you to say so in a way which cannot possibly be misunderstood. . . I submit my difficulties and my hopes to you." Mr. Hoover and Sam Gompers, the "Tsar" of American Labour, supported the Presidential appeal; yet the result was a Democratic defeat.

Henry Ford, of Michigan, Mr. Wilson's own nominee for the Senate, and James Hamilton Lewis, an Executive henchman of note, both went down before the Roosevelt men. The Republican, or Conservative cast of American thought was afraid that Mr. Wilson might let Germany down too easily. They were also afraid he would force Free Trade upon the Allies and the United States. They were none too keen upon Wilson's "Fourteen Points." They thought his one-man despotism had grown too great; and his concept of a League of Nations was considered unsound—an abnegation of sovereignty and

race, which would never work smoothly in a world that suddenly flamed with claims of race, from Ireland and Finland to Armenia and the new welter of parochial Russias.

State Socialism, too, accounts for many of the Republican gains—the encroachment of Government upon the public utilities, and consequent popular discontent. Mr. Wilson's reluctance to form a Coalition Cabinet also engendered enmity. Then there was the serious air-craft scandal, showing a waste of public money amounting to many millions. "The real constructive forces of this country," Theodore Roosevelt maintains, "are in the Republican Party. . . . Now that the United States has become a world-power, in the fullest sense of the term, it can no longer look for guidance to men who have stubbornly contended for the narrowest limitations of national authority, who have thought, in terms of the 'State' rather than in terms of the Nation, and yet who have swallowed their own words whenever a momentary political advantage was to be thereby gained."

As Republican spokesman, Mr. Roosevelt offers hot opposition to the Democratic ideals. He would put post-war problems on a non-partisan basis, and set a check upon the extra-Constitutional powers which such measures as the Overman Bill have granted to the Chief Executive. "The present abnormal trend towards paternalism" especially excites the Republican ire. That party seeks also to take "the element of punishment" out of domestic taxation, and raise the necessary revenues—which will be enormous—by a fairer distribution of the burdens.

War is declared upon such party-men as Claude Kitchin, the chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee. This Democratic boss, from a small Carolina town, voted against the declaration of war against Germany, and openly stated later on that he meant to make the "Northern Bankers pay for it."

"Politics are adjourned," the President declared. "The present is no time for divided counsels, or divided leadership." Unity of command was as necessary in the Halls of Congress and the Executive offices as it was on the field of battle, or amid the ruins of a war-stricken world. This appeal the Republicans interpreted as a purely party call. "What the President asks for," said Mr. Taft, "is an autocratic power in spheres which the Constitution and the principles of democracy should in full measure share."

It is in short, the ancient struggle between the Legislative and Executive branches, which are so strangely divorced in the American polity. The earlier Presidents—Washington, the elder Adams, Madison and Monroe—viewed their position modestly. Their relations with Congress were mainly formal. Jackson, Lincoln and Cleveland began to use the veto and "removal" powers. Presidential leadership increased. Mr. Wilson himself, as historian of the American people, has described the astonishing despotism of Lincoln.

Mr. Roosevelt played the autocrat at Algenciras, and also in the Japanese affair; and he had his people with him. Mr. Taft was much more slack, and suffered politically in consequence. In 1913 Mr. Wilson set a pace which reached its limit in the Overman Bill; this measure conferred unlimited sway upon the Executive. His Cabinet were his own nominees and friends, quite independent of Congressional control. Gradually the President of the United States had become his own Foreign Minister, with the State Secretary no more than a bureaucratic mouthpiece.

When Polk sent General Taylor to the Mexican border in 1846, he made war inevitable. Cleveland's bellicose message in 1895 was another instance. A third was McKinley's dispatch of the battleship *Maine* to Havana in 1898. And, lastly, President Wilson's Note to Germany, after the sinking of the *Sussex*, practically committed America to war with Germany. The President is Commander-in-Chief of the Navy, Army and State Militias. He can appoint or remove military leaders, dispose of ships and troops, plan and direct campaigns, and, in grave emergency, he decrees matters of life and death for all.

Nothing in the Constitution prevents the President from taking the field with his Army, as Madison did at the Battle of Bladensburg. In the Civil War, Abe Lincoln—"the Illinois attorney"—became absolute autocrat within three months. The Constitution was suspended. Ancient traditions vanished overnight—including the freedom of the seas. It was Lincoln's rigorous blockade of the Confederate ports which saved the Union, and prevented Jeff Davis from "making a nation," as Gladstone was quite sure he had already done. Secretary Seward had his "Bastille," and issued *lettres de cachet*,—as Wendell Phillips explained in his Boston lectures in 1861.

But there came a time, then as now, when Congress grew alarmed and called a halt. This is the real meaning of President Wilson's domestic defeat. Beyond question, the American Constitution, drawn in far-off days of "provincial isolation," has not stood the test of the Great War, with the United States as a world-arbiter, deeply concerned in "building from the depths"—as General Smuts puts it—the new politico-social fabric of the nations.

"In many of your institutions," that privileged critic, Lord Northcliffe, tells America, "you are still where you were in 1776. . . . And if there is to be a Sisterhood of Democracies, I challenge you to be sure to-day that you would be the Big Sister and Model for the rest." America is by no means sure of this. She emerges from the war as a military Power, with enormous responsibilities in the Latin Republics of the South, in the Far East, and, above all, in the matter of that Society of Nations which her President proposes as a panacea and guarantee against future wars, which all statesmen agree may be unto mutual extermination.

The Sixty-Fifth Congress meets as usual next month. But the Sixty-Sixth, which President Wilson is to convene in March, will be of a Republican cast, both in the Senate and the House of Representatives. On the whole, it is well that it should be so; for the sanest statecraft of America is to be found in this Party, which may be trusted to deal wisely and well with the problems of international reconstruction, as Britain and France must necessarily envisage them.

### MOB MANNERS.

WHATEVER our new-fangled, infinite "Democracy" may mean in the abstract—whether a vague "idealism" which meets life by running away from it, or a toll of blackmail levied by one class on the rest, or incompetence in high places, or an international tyranny—there is no doubt of it in the concrete. It means bad manners unexampled at any period in our history, a disregard of courtesy which is flagrant and far-reaching. Not all the tall talk in the world can camouflage this symptom. Manners "makyth" man and also woman. Yet we are compelled to own that on the whole the women are now the worst. In our shops, basements and streets a silly insolence reigns supreme. It is weakly aggressive—always a bad sign—and it is hailed as a new dawn, abetted by strikes, cinemas and the newspapers, which cater for it. Only the other day we were kept waiting for ages at the Stores where we have dealt for over a quarter of a century before the "young lady" (neither young, by the same token, nor even a lady's lady) would deign to hear our request for a minute ration of butter. Errand-boys and maids-of-no-work edged in roughly before us, and we were told that we must wait the turn of these interloping but favoured "young ladies" and "young gentlemen." Never was there so much gentility and so little gentleness. When we remonstrated we were curtly commanded to "complain to the manager." When we complained to the manager we encountered a degree of cringing civility only one degree less obnoxious. He was pained to the heart and put the "young marchioness" in her place with equal rudeness in no time. "What can you expect, sir," he said, "from the sort of employee we get nowadays? Come and go. No manners." And

the standard of manners springs from the heart! There is the danger.

We need not instance the so-called servants who sometimes receive a vicar's wages. They form part of that war-pampered mob which regards the world-conflict as the oyster which they with their bad manners will open. When Adam dived and Eve spun the Serpent at any rate seemed a gentleman, but these serpents which creep on our hearths only bite the hand that feeds them. Jack Cade was right about Adam, who gave poor Eve away. But how about Eve? At any rate she did the work without a murmur. Only in one respect can she be said to have resembled the females of the new Cadocracy: after the fall her first thought was of the milliner.

Look at the omnibuses and the orgied scramble of rebel bacchantes which disgraces them. There you have Bolshevism in petto. Look at the great proportion of taxi-drivers—the very worst type of new democrat, who by turns bullies and blarneys. Only the police perhaps remain jocularly polite, though they have degraded themselves by joining the Red Flag and destroyed our ideal of Roman rule in the world-wide example of the great man whose extended finger imperialised the traffic at Hyde Park Corner. Look at the present Government officials. We never attached much importance to being addressed as "Esquire"—a dignity which by right belongs to the land. But we do dislike being addressed as "Mister" by many a revenue-clerk. However, "pas décoré bien distingué" should console us at a time when baronetcies and peerages are showered on many who have no claim to honour—"making a peer," wrote Queen Anne's quaint unorthographic Lady Strafford, "of one what's no gentleman." And, if the King's Fountain is being defiled, how about the King's English, which, it seems to us, is in certain places essential for the continuance of courtesy? A Cabinet Minister speaks of "turning up" at a Council, the Premier, of a project being "turned down," while his phrases too often pander to the mob—"You cannot make an A1 out of C3," and the rest of it. Look, again, at the new novelist. Mr. Wells, the cheekiest of them, has stooped to call Queen Victoria "a fat, panting German widow." Is this funny, is it fitting? Of what good is it to slap reputations on the spine and slang them with cheap irony? How would Mr. Wells like the same measure to be meted out to himself, the measure of hail-fellow-ill-met? Disraeli once spoke of bad manners in society as "the insolence of insignificance." It is not a bad phrase and it is applicable beyond the radius of those who speak of adenoids as "aneroids." Could any manners be worse than those of certain great ladies who are shameless advertisers of the war-smile? Some, doubtless, there were, in pre-war days—"vixere fortes ante Agamemnona"—and the mob mimicked them. But these now mimic the mob. It is the New Democracy, naked and unashamed.

But after all the mob is human and we should not scold if it remained good natured. Straws are of no moment save as they show how the popular wind is blowing, nor can we forget that there are some refreshing exceptions. The young Marchionesses take off their hats to the young Marchionesses who cry "Ta" when these light their cigarettes. We have heard an urchin of the new Mobility exclaim "Sorry" to another, and most except strikers offer their seats to a lady. None the less agitators have done their work. "The days of your horder are hover, mum," exclaimed a cook not long ago as she flung her notice in her mistress's face; *La Reine le veut*.

But there are graver manifestations than these, and some of them may be found in the taste and temper of those New Puritans who are peculiar to this country. Fifth-Monarchy men without the virility of those thorns in the side of Cromwell. Take the Total Abstinence. Why should he persecute us with his puling pharisaism? He has a perfect right to his beliefs—even in a country not long free. But, if he reads his Bible, he cannot ground them on religion. He deems liquor the root of all evil. Well and good. But he also



evidently thinks that he cannot drink in moderation. As, however, he cannot drink in moderation, he is determined (politically) to prevent his neighbour from doing so, and so he brings the Nonconformist voter to bear bearishly upon us. This, to say the least, is bad manners; he totally abstains from sympathy. The vegetarians do not so behave and the anti-vaccinationist has no chance. Why should he? Take again, the Fabian Socialist, who, always arguing by a specially chopped logic from exceptions, sneers the *bourgeoisie* away, and now in trade-union alliance struggles to overwhelm them. He is the most intolerant of indifferentists, and in his egotistical collectivism passes the pink of priggery without the excuse of pedants. What is all this but very bad manners? Fox was struck off the Privy Council for being a Jacobin, but with all his faults he was not ill-mannered for being aggrieved. For the Fabian, however, private grievances are public insults. Let us add that his "democracy" is too often hypocrisy also. He, the intellectual, hand in hand with the unhorned-handed "leaders" of Labour, screams at the middle-class, plots to bankrupt them, cries "*Ecrasez l'infame*"—and then lives as its imitator. It is the ambition of the crowd to be *bourgeois*. It is only the *bourgeoisie's* love of order and, if you like, convention that is resented; also his love of freedom. "Free everything except freedom" is their weakling war-note: above all, free manners—free without being easy, free without reverence, treating even the Divine as a propagandist partner, free to be dogs in the manger. We cannot but recognise the sour leaven of the old Puritans. But the modern Puritan, who is not fond of sacrifices, has only sacrificed his belief in hell. Deprived of that pleasure, unable to consign dissenters from his dogmas to eternal punishment, he seems to console himself by consigning them to a hell upon earth, a hell of one pattern, of no distinctions or distinction.

There are two sorts of bad manners, rudeness and vulgarity. On vulgarity we need not dwell. It fronts us on every page of the paramount Press. For advertisement is the soul of the New Age and vulgarity is the soul of advertisement—save them Callisthenes or Lord Grey of Falloden lectures on ideals. We are not allowed our own opinions by the Press inquisitors; to have your own opinion is undemocratic. Dogmas are rammed into us by the Scribes of the short memory and the Pharisees of the long robe; everything else is old foggery. Only in the country—in touch with Dame Nature—do we now find the traditional traces of good manners which the tillers of the soil have never lost. They will greet you with a kindly good evening and good morning. They are still friendly over their pots of diluted beer. They are social, not socialistic, and slowly, but surely, they think. Their heads are not yet swollen, and though Hodge is reproached with obtuseness, in his head there lingers a brain. He will not be the serf of black-coated townsmen who would reform him by ruining his business. His "nice noo friends" do not on the whole attract him, and he prefers an old-fashioned gentleman. For manners cover a multitude of sins.

#### THE BRITISH INSTITUTE OF INDUSTRIAL ART.

EARLY in the war the Board of Trade, presumably inspired by people whose interests are artistic-industrial, held a series of Fairs to stimulate British industries. The scheme was good in principle and in one particular practically useful. For a fairly ample exhibition of the better sort of German products was held, and drove home the important truth that whatever "made in Germany" had once implied its significance was now distinctly arresting. Things made in that delightful land were no longer comfortably shoddy, as opposed to solid, sound British goods; they were, on the contrary, disquietingly good. They were not only cheaper than our cheap lines, but much better; so that we could no longer say in extenuation of their

successful competition "Oh, well, but then they're German dumped trash." They might be dumped, but they certainly were sound, well designed and efficient. Thus the horrid truth broke on us, and the soothing theory of British artistic-industrial supremacy, long distrusted by those who studied foreign competition, was for a time at least discredited.

Then came the British Industrial Fairs, planned to give an opening to the type of British industries that would save the situation by asserting once again our famous crafts' supremacy, through which we had in happier days secured a great position in the world's markets. To some extent that opening was taken. But in throwing wide a hospitable and indiscriminating door, the Fairs let in a mob of deplorable stuff and entertained an orgy of our least desirable shortcomings. Not only did this excess of stupid craftsmanship, misconceived machining and vulgarity, swamp the effect made by stalls exhibiting good work, but, worse, it fortified and drew out the old Adam from the commercial buyers who had flocked to see what, so to speak, was recommended by the Board of Trade. Able to resist the tasteful temptations of good design, chaste ornament and fine simple lines, they succumbed in heaps to the outrageous solicitations of their garish old favourites. Where a firm of good printers or good pottery booked ten orders the other kind booked hundreds. The thing was a fiasco.

Now the Society of Arts has stepped in with an Industrial Art Committee composed of sound material and joined forces with a sadder and wiser Board of Trade and Board of Education, who have been planning an improvement on Industrial Fairs of uncertain standards and reactionary results. Their improved plan and pooled ideas will take form as the British Institute of Industrial Art. This Mr. Fisher persuasively sketched at the Society of Arts. Instead of periodical exhibitions of a little good and a host of bad work, a permanent exhibition in London of modern British goods, selected as achieving a high standard of craftsmanship and manufacture, is intended. The whole difference lies in this stipulation for selection. Another intention is that as a rule works of outstanding merit should pass into the Victoria and Albert Museum, which in this way would do what is done in another well-run gallery of modern art, i.e., preserve continuity in the exhibition of craftsmanship. Finally, it is hoped that if our industrial art interests are organized, liaison may be effected between designers, manufacturers and shop people. An invaluable part of the Institute's programme would be its educational policy for salesmen, buyers, commercial travellers and their kind, on whom to a great extent depends the success or failure of any scheme for raising industrial standards.

Many plans have been tried, from time to time, to lift the level of our industrial output; not only by artists with pure ideals, but by practical students of the markets, who see that by this lift alone will our position in the industrial world be secured. So far as we may judge, this scheme for a British Institute of Industrial Art is more likely to work than any of its predecessors. But a word of warning may not come amiss if Mr. Selfridge expressed to the meeting the views of many distributors when he hazarded that people must be taught to demand the beautiful rather than the durable. A more pernicious bright idea, in this context, can barely be imagined. His conscious quest for the beautiful at the expense of durable utility has been one of the most active forces to put, as people say, our industries "in the cart." All the shoddy ornament and sham, all the stupid unpracticality of shape and material that have cost us our supremacy and broken our tradition, are directly traceable to the muddled idea that beauty is better than fitness; that a fit and purpose-serving thing cannot be let alone and trusted to its essential lines and proportions, but rather must be fussed and swathed and tortured into an ideal beauty. According to this school a plough or battleship should be run-over with "beautiful" mouldings and frilled with artistic notes and afterthoughts, and a chair should stand on spider legs.

## SOUTH AMERICA AS A TRADE ARENA.

## IV.—URUGUAY, PARAGUAY AND THE WEST COAST.

IT is to be hoped—as President Wilson hopes—that “continental solidarity” and progress will take impulsive Latin-American minds from local feuds which lie perdu, like German mines in a fair evacuated city. Peru has an Alsace-Lorraine of her own in the lost provinces of Tacna-Arica, which Chile wrested from her in 1884. Chile, in turn, mourns the Patagonian tract given to Argentina by the award of 1898; it is a fine cattle-country and there are signs of petroleum.

Bolivia wants a window on the sea; Paraguay has lost territory to Argentina; and Venezuela covets a part of Colombia. Pastoral Uruguay was lately alarmed over the supposed “invasion” planned by German colonists in Southern Brazil; and President Viera asked the aid of Argentina in such event. Though a mere dot on the South American map, Uruguay is nearly as large as Great Britain. It is a highly prosperous State, with sheep-runs and ranches covering millions of acres. Yet British goods are none too prominent here, as a recent Consular Report remarks—“Such things as earthenware, china and glass, ironmongery, brushes, cutlery and tools, being mostly of somewhat inferior Continental or North American make.” Our principal exports to this Republic are cotton and woollen goods, coal, machinery and hardware.

Germany sent sugar, textiles and fancy goods to Uruguay; the U.S. exported lumber, paper, mineral oils and agricultural machinery. Here the metric system is enforced by law, and it is all but impossible to push business without a good resident agent in Montevideo. The once remote and backward Paraguay, now linked by rail with the chief southern cities, has definitely turned her back on the lurid and truculent regime bequeathed to her by such mediæval tyrants as Francia and Solano Lopez. The last-named could boast “the finest army in South America”; and—like the Kaiser—he simply had to exercise it by falling upon unready neighbours. As a result, the hermit State became a wreck.

Yet Paraguay is magnificently endowed. Here German enterprise was such, that in 1914 we were by comparison £40,000 worth of trade to the bad. Two years later, German trade was nil, whilst our own had risen to over £350,000; the leading items are textiles and hardware.

Bolivia is a peculiarly difficult field; and here our decline is very marked, coinciding with a German rise from 18 to 33 per cent. of the whole. This is a coming State; it will share in the West Coast boom after the war, when the influence of the Panama Canal will be felt. The Germans established importing houses of their own in Bolivia. British travellers fell off, yet British goods are shrewdly sought, as may be judged from the fact that one house in La Paz increased its purchases from £5,000 to £40,000 within two years. At the same time, the British and other re-exports from Hamburg before the war make a dismal list.

Ecuador is more than backward. “Even in Guayaquil,” Mr. Koebel says in his new book, “the conditions of health are not yet of a modern order.” This is misleading, if also polite. Ecuador is as yet a mere welter of stinks—political, as well as sanitary. “Yesterday,” says the languid local paper, “forty cases of bubonic plague broke out in Public School No. 5. There are seven survivors.” The last we heard of Ecuador was that a revolution had flamed up against President Moreno as “a tyrannous pro-German.”

It will be seen, then, that trade conditions differ grotesquely: you cannot generalise lightly about the Latin-American continent. We would divide it into six commercial groups. In Cuba, Mexico, Panama and Puerto Rico, business is done upon open credit, in “American” style. Haiti and San Domingo are likewise “American.” Group three includes Colombia, Venezuela and Ecuador, where banking facilities are

lacking, and credits are distinctly of the “unusual” kind. In the fourth group are the West Coast nations—Chile, Peru and Bolivia; these have sound banks, representing both foreign and local capital.

The fifth group—Argentina, Brazil, Paraguay and Uruguay—rank highest of all; here specializing is practised, and the importer is seldom an exporter. Merchants and manufacturers are in direct touch with the world's markets, and they follow commodity costs by cable. The sixth group includes the Central American States—Costa Rica, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua and San Salvador. Of this group, Costa Rica stands out as a well-ordered Republic, with a fairly sound currency and trustworthy banks. But of the rest, the less we say the better.

To Chile we sent nearly £8,000,000 worth of goods in 1912. Peru is now a direct market for our daughter nations. India sends her jute bags, Australia exports wheat, tallow, butter and coal. Canada ships lumber to Peru; the imports from Hong Kong to Callao warrant the use of a regular line, sailing under the Japanese flag.

The Big Ditch which America dug (burying many reputations in the process!) is designed to play an important part in the development of the West Coast. The saving over the old route by the Strait of Magellan is nearly 4,000 miles between New York and Valparaíso.

Chile's history is one of violence. That history teems with British names; and to this day Lord Cochrane's head figures on the postage stamps. Chile's pounce upon Peru and Bolivia, and her sporadic quarrels with Argentina gave her a truculent name; but she pledged herself to peace at last, and in token of this a Christ-statue was erected high in the Andean snows, with a dramatic vow cut in its granite plinth.

Peru is a tropic land, though with curious extremes of climate. Cotton is indigenous here; the temperate Sierra is adapted to sheep-raising and the growth of cereals. The basin of the Madre de Dios contains endless forest wealth; and this region is now exploited by Pennsylvania capital. Wars and territorial losses have enfeebled Peru; her warlike neighbour's export of nitrate alone is more than three times the total of Peru's internal trade.

Chile's copper has been neglected; and the Guggenheims of New York have lately been picking up properties in the southern belt and the desert zones. America's “Latin” programme is on a most ambitious scale. She has long ago insured herself against the Panama Canal's failure by getting an option on the Nicaragua route—for which, by the way, the Germans made a bid of many millions more!

The Washington State Department, let us say here, has long since reshuffled its 200 diplomats and 1,200 consuls. “Shirt-sleeves” diplomacy is a thing of the past in American statecraft. Elihu Root's “merit system” set the consular service above political spoils; and to-day no nation on earth is more keenly served—as we have read in German reports, where the hustling Yankee was compared with his ‘aughty Teuton confrère, who it appears, was a poor mixer with lesser men.

The enthusiastic reception of the Bunsen Mission was a good omen, and it should be followed up by the appointment of picked staffs for our diplomatic and consular services in South America, where competition will be intense. Japan herself, war-wealthy and alert, is especially interested in this rich and spacious field. Our envoys here have hitherto been meanly housed, while the German had his *palacio* on the Avenida, with lackeys and high-powered cars. There is no denying the psychological potency of these marks and signs, whether in Latin-America or the Near East.

Our overcrowded world, seeking more food and fresh prosperity in the new day, has no such opening as South America affords. For here is a virgin continent, three times the size of China—the greatest, and by far the richest that remains—also the last.



TO O. S.

(Who fell in action, October 25th, 1918.)

On thy dear grave be blended  
The Laurel and the Rose.  
The glory hath not ended,  
The sweetness ne'er can close.  
Nor Time nor Fate can wither  
That chaplet dewed with tears—  
All blossoms beckoned hither  
To crown thy promised years.

High courage conquers dying,  
Fine chivalry abides.  
Thy music soothes our sighing,  
And haunts the winds and tides.  
Thy charm so heart-divining,  
So true to all it met,  
Around us still is shining,  
Although our sun be set.

Thou wast a buoyant presence  
That knew not of its power,  
That made the wastes a pleasance  
And turned the thorn to flower.  
Thy golden voice enchanted  
Set every spirit free,  
Till all that Sorrow wanted  
Found its fresh springs in thee.

And ah! thy joy of living  
That bore and banished pain,  
Thy generous laughter giving  
Itself to live again,  
Like sunbeams on a river  
That dancing catch the breeze—  
These were thy gifts. The Giver  
Was greater far than these.

Great soul, for thee Soul only  
Was leadership and light.  
Alone, thou ne'er wast lonely,  
Left wounded in the fight.  
Untended, unbefriended,  
Till eager rescue came,—  
From thee e'en undefended  
The foeman turned in shame.

To fall when Victory thrilling  
Beats with bright wings the air,  
How hard! while joy is filling  
The well worn cup of care.  
And yet how splendid, after  
Stern struggles nobly borne,  
To fall 'mid tears and laughter  
In the first flush of morn.

Our morning wakes in weeping,  
Our midnight sleeps in pain,  
And e'en where thou art sleeping  
We yearn to see in vain.  
But thou art near unshattered  
And radiant in repose.—  
On thy dear grave be scattered  
The Laurel and the Rose.

November 8th, 1918.

W. S.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## THE AUTHOR INTERVENES.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

Sir,—Since when has it been lawful for a reviewer in your august journal to point the moral of a critical work whilst imputing to the author a complete innocence of his proper implications? The author of the article "Superior Actors and Superior Brains," which appeared in your issue of October 19th, does me this injustice. He begins his exceedingly able and intelligent essay—the more able and intelligent it must appear to me in that such high-stepping as it contains

is in simple imitation of my own sobrieties—with the sentence

"Captain Agate, in a pleasant book of dramatic appreciations, tells a story of Sir Frank Benson and his interpretation of Richard II from which we will venture to draw some not impertinent inferences."

Your critic would, I think, have exercised greater pertinence and justice had he admitted that the inferences were more than implicit in the book under notice, were in fact actually expressed. The incident referred to occurred about twenty years ago, and I was, indeed, more than a little diffident about relating the story with its obvious inferences, so notoriously are they the basis of any understanding of the art of acting. But having fallen as a youngster into the elementary error of confounding the projection of the actor with his supposed intimate conception, of presuming some necessary relation between the actor's imaginings and the spectator's definite vision, I determined to give the story early on in the book and to put the moral shortly, shamefacedly as it were, to clear the air, *to be on the safe side*. Here is the famous moral:—

"Whereas the plain truth is that with the business of acting, the sheer power of pretending to be somebody else, brains never have had and never will have anything to do. Wherever the theorist writes "intellect" it is safe to read "temperament." . . . Perhaps one of the most curious attributes of acting is the inability of the actor to control his own projection. Just as an author will find a character running away with him, so will an actor find his characters taking to life wilfully, on their own account. Let any well-trained actor come on to the stage and, with his mind fixed on vacancy, utter half a dozen lines. We shall immediately find the words and the character uttering them pregnant with a world of meaning. We shall find that the words have, of their own accord, started a train of thought in our brain over which the actor has had scant influence or none. It is not the mind of the player but his physical presentment which carries over to the spectator. It takes a very bad actor indeed to prevent an audience from eking him out; and perhaps we may say that the very good actor is the actor who can satisfy an intellectual audience and think of his supper at the same time. A great part of the actor's art consists in letting the spectator do the thinking. Even should the actor make the mistake of trying to do all the thinking for himself he has no guarantee that the spectator will not prefer his own train of thought. It follows that with anything like a capable critic the actor is always in danger of the cleverest misinterpretation."

How great was my surprise to find a writer in that journal, which has always been for me the centre of the critical world, holding up his hands as before some new horror. "What are the inferences from this rather disconcerting tale? The more we consider them the more frightful they appear." And your reviewer proceeds to their consideration, leaving the reader to suppose the "enthusiastic young Daniel come to judgment" to be as greatly staggered as his naive and world-weary critic. Now may I ask your reviewer to say candidly whether in his article he has drawn one single inference which is not contained in essence in my semi-apologetic and, it was thought, unnecessary preamble? But of course neither of us can claim the credit, such as it is, of these momentous discoveries. Is there not in Balzac one Gennaro Conti, who, whilst pouring forth his sublimest notes, amuses himself by saying "*Suis-je bien un dieu pour eux? N'aurais-je pas mangé trop de macaroni?*"

But the matter in so far as it concerns myself is of little moment. I am much more intrigued by the passage:

"There is to-day only one living actor of genius, and he does not pretend to know why he does one

thing instead of another. Very wisely he is content to leave it to men like Mr. Montague or Captain Agate to tell the public what is in the heart of his Antony or his Malvolio."

Judging from the earlier statement that "Mr. Henry Ainley is to-day the only Shakespearean actor of any consequence," it would appear that Mr. Ainley is the one living actor of genius. Frankly this is rubbish. Mr. Ainley is a very remarkable and beautiful person, and has done many noble and moving things. He can also disguise himself very creditably as a stockbroker or antiquarian. But he is not alone in his genius. Also it is useless to attempt to burke the issue of Sir Frank Benson by making a fuss of Mr. Ainley. Either Sir Frank is a great Shakespearean actor or he is not. I will match him against any living Englishman in, say, Henry V. and Malvolio, Caliban and Lear, and invite your reviewer to occupy the referee's chair. Sir F. R. Benson's acting is full of faults, is all faults if you will; but it has none of your devastating competences and prettinesses. He is the one living actor who does not get between the spectator and the poet. The gaunt, ungainly figure may strut it like the fiend—the *view* of the text is not obscured. The brass, bellows, and cymbals of those uncouth lungs may blare and blow their darn'dest—presuming, Sir, that you will permit that entirely just word—they do not drown the author's gentle symphony. Sir F. R. Benson is a "remembrancer" to the plays, as Lamb would put it. Whenever I see him I am alone with Shakespeare; whenever I see Mr. Ainley I must needs give myself up to the admiration of Mr. Ainley.

And then at least one other actor of genius jumps to the eyes. Has your reviewer never heard of the great Roumanian, de Max, once pupil of Worms and now sociétaire of the Comédie-Française, the constant wonder of the French stage, or at least of the intelligent part of it? In the direct line of classical tradition, he is unrivalled in the more sombre forms of melodrama. To the old authentic terror he adds an entirely Oriental and daemonic power of imagination. His Scarpia in *La Tosca* and his Grand Inquisitor in *La Sorcière* burned and shrivelled into mere hysteria the virtuosities of his great partner. I recommend to your reviewer the memoirs of this actor. Here he will find a theory of *cabotage*, of which the inferences will probably appear to him both "disconcerting" and "frightful." He will find a frank acceptance of that doubling of the artist and charlatan which, to all honest souls, is the bane of the theatre. Hear him on the subject of the most famous of all living players.

"Il y a deux Sarah—au moins. Il y a celle qu'on voit de la salle. Et il y a celle qu'on voit des coulisses. Le malheur est que, des coulisses, on voit quelquefois la même que dans la salle, la plus belle. C'est un malheur, parce que, ces jours-là, on n'est plus maître de soi; on arrive avec de la haine, de la fureur, on veut se venger d'elle, et puis on devient spectateur en jouant, quand le rideau se ferme, on lui baise les mains, avec des larmes. . . . Acteur, je connus l'actrice Sarah. Je connus aussi à son théâtre une petite fille, qui s'appelait, par hasard, Sarah. Ai-je detesté, ai-je aimé cette insupportable petite fille? Je ne sais plus. C'est si loin. J'ai vieilli. Pas elle. C'est toujours une petite fille, une insupportable petite fille, qui a des caprices, des cris, des crises. Ah! les crises de cette petite fille!"

And then the clean-cut brutality of the *cabot* in no way inclined to mince matters with which de Max would put an end to the tiresome succession of affronts and cajoleries.

"Je vous en prie, madame. . . . Je suis aussi fille que vous!"

All of which did not avail to prevent the actor from throwing himself at the feet of the great artist after some masterpiece of acting, some splendour, not of the intellect, but of an unrivalled temperament and imagination.

I leave it to your penetrative reviewer to draw from this paradox of the player what disconcerting and fruitful inferences he will.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

JAMES E. AGATE.

A.P.O. S.7.

B.E.F., France,  
2nd November, 1918.

## POETRY AND LAW.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The trouble with modern poetry seems to me to be due to three causes: (1) The break with tradition; (2) The indifference to form and vocabulary; (3) The prevalence of mysticism. The first two points go together. A reviewer of yours has already quoted Tennyson's "*Poeta nascitur et fit*." This is a truth too often forgotten to-day. There is no question of copying, of which the moderns seem desperately afraid. They must be original—that is one of their troubles, and ours, when we try to read them; they do not see that they can be so no less, when they have learnt to write verse by studying the best examples and noting the significant failures.

You cannot write poetry straight off, though you may be able to get what you have written published and applauded. Metre and rhythm need to be studied and mastered, more so now than ever, since the sense of rhythm seems to be departing from the English people, and its absence is not felt to be a defect, nay, is even encouraged by the popular ideas of verse. Remember the Limericks which got prizes when that form of nonsense was prevalent in the Press. What did the prize winners and the judges know of metre and rhythm? It was a riot of sheer, unabated ignorance typical of to-day and to-day's standards.

I have met a lady who wrote verse and had never heard of the common rules and terms of metre at all. When I spoke of the A.B.C. of her business, she stared at me as if I was a lunatic—or a scholar. There are certain things which cannot be said in poetry, which has a restricted vocabulary. To enlarge that vocabulary needs taste and experience, not a mere gift for Anarchy. Every poet should have a negative sense of humour which rejects some of his lines. He should beware of the ridiculous, even if he is a young prophet. Instead, his chief fear seems to be that he will not be bizarre or original enough. His ideas of metre are often puerile through sheer ignorance, and he is fond of casting away rhyme altogether, producing stuff that differs from prose only in having a capital letter at the beginning of each line. This poetry is, one fancies, as easy to write as it is hard to read. Let me quote what Gautier said about art:

"Oui, l'œuvre sort plus belle

D'une forme au travail

Rebelle,

Vers, marbre, onyx, email."

We are in for an age of Anarchy in every way of life, and cultivated people don't understand anarchic poetry easily. They won't try, because they don't want to. They want decent rhythm; they do not cherish the standard of the Limerick winners and judges.

Poetry has always been allowed what Bacon calls its "transcendences." But of late they threaten to swamp good sense and common diction as modified by the poetic vocabulary. Mysticism of all kinds has come in with the decay of dogmatic religion. The sublime has become not a human sense of infinity, but a crippling mass of obscurity. Great men give the world the task of understanding them, but they should not make it too difficult. It is only a small section of the world so far that relishes mysticism.

The anthology of the future may teem with poems arranged under colour-moods and universally recognised as masterpieces; but that time is not yet. Meanwhile modern poets might take to learning their business; making their vision intelligible and mastering the English language. Before they invent silly



words, they should know those that have been proved and have formed the armour of many a master against oblivion. As for metre and rhythm, they are not negligible, but an essential, deep-rooted means of raising human emotion. Poetry without any rules or instructions—except that anything old and settled is worthless—will have a high time, like the Bolsheviks.

But does anyone hope or believe that the Bolsheviks will be permanent?

The answer to all this, of course, will be: You are too old to appreciate new things. I will even quote against myself:

"The poems bought in youth they read,  
And say them over like their creed.  
All autumn crops of rhyme seem strange;  
Their intellect resents the change.  
They cannot follow to the end,  
Their more susceptible college friend.

Poor things, they deem him over-bold:  
What wonder if they stare and scold."

There is something in that retort—which, strange to say, was written concerning Tennyson's "Maud"—but not enough, I think, to justify the new poetry.

Yours faithfully,  
OLD PEN.

#### BOLSHEVISM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Some people have suggested to me that England is permeated by Bolshevism, and they seem to think that my letter on "Git," in your last week's issue, indicates that I share this view.

This is a mistake.

They might as well suggest that the respectable pork butchers of England are identical in sentiment and procedure with the mythical Chinamen of Lamb's disquisition on "Roast Pig," who burnt down their pig styes in order to enjoy roast pork.

It must, I think, be admitted, by even the most prejudiced pig, that he would prefer being slaughtered in a humane manner in a duly licensed slaughterhouse—amidst the sympathetic shrieks of a dozen contemporary victims—to being slowly roasted alive in his own lonely sty.

In the same way I frankly admit that the prospects of "the middling classes" in England of being ruined by class legislation and unjust taxation, are more tolerable than the fate of the *bourgeois* who have been murdered wholesale and retail by Russian Bolsheviks.

At the same time one can hardly expect an abattoir, however perfectly hygienic, to be an object of enthusiasm to even the most public-spirited members of the respectable and useful swine community.

In the same way I cannot help thinking that the middling classes in England will derive but moderate comfort from the fact that their slaughter in England will be conducted by more respectable methods than those prevailing in Moscow and Petrograd.

Yours faithfully,  
FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED.

#### THE OPEN WINDOW.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your correspondent "C. A." seems to have misdated his letter—it should have been 1665—the year of the Great Plague. The English people then had a strong dislike to fresh air and soap and water, and so long as this dislike continued, leprosy, small-pox, and fevers were ever with us.

Fresh air is the finest disinfectant in the world—so all medical men declare, and the Government includes "Open Windows" in the instructions to stay the prevailing epidemic of influenza posted up on our notice boards.

I have some personal experience. I have visited many hundreds of sick people and have invariably found that where there is an objection to open the

windows infectious diseases are most difficult to check and usually go through the house.

In my own house, with a plentiful supply of fresh air I have never had any infectious disease attack another member of my household.

I think that most of the readers of THE SATURDAY REVIEW will be in the habit of keeping their houses well ventilated and will not resort to the insanitary customs of former times.

Yours faithfully,  
F. W. POWELL.

Kirkdale Vicarage,  
Nawton, Yorks. November 11, 1918.

#### "FOOD FOR EUROPE."

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In your article "Nearer to Peace" you say "millions of human beings in Russia, in Hungary, in Turkey, and throughout the Balkans, will die of starvation this winter."

Such a statement comes perilously near scare-mongering. Judging from the experience of English farming, there is no reason why there should be any shortage of production in any country whose territory has not been actually ravaged by war during 1918.

In England we have probably grown more food in 1918 than in any year of recent history, in spite of a full proportion of our population being engaged in military service and munition work.

For the most part the Russian peasants were back on their land in time for the autumn and spring work of 1917-18: and it is incredible that in a civilized country like Austria-Hungary there should not have been adequate measures taken to organize such a vital industry as farming. Distribution may be faulty in the large towns, as it was for a time in England; but national scarcity is very improbable. In any case, it can hardly be acute yet, within a few months of harvest. A pinch may come in April or May: but there is time for organisation and economy before then. Demobilisation alone will effect an enormous saving.

After-war problems are difficult enough, without inventing phantoms.

Yours faithfully,  
LAURENCE W. HODSON.

Bradbourne Hall,  
Ashbourne, Derbyshire. Nov. 11, 1918.

#### "REPUBLICS."

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The talk of "Republics" in Central Europe is childish. The Clericals in Bavaria are strong and certainly not Republicans. Prussia will emerge as a kingdom, as will German-Austria and Hungary.

It is idle to dignify drunken *émeutes* with the name of "Republics." The phase of revolution is but a passing one—unworthy of a capital letter.

We have defeated the Huns—let us leave them to stew in their own juice—but let us not inflict the Republican form of Government on them—a form for which they are as unfitted as Mr. H. G. Wells—the toy-Republican.

Faithfully yours,  
WALTER PHELPS DODGE.

Reform Club,  
Pall Mall, S.W. 1. Nov. 10, 1918.

#### AUTOCRACY AND DEMOCRACY.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—There exist people who actually rejoice when they hear of murder, robbery and repudiation of obligations by other nations, called freedom by Bolshevism.

They are of the same mentality as sheep in one pen who rejoice when the butcher goes into the next pen and cuts the throats of the sheep there.

They forget their own turn will come.

X.

### WAIT AND SEE OR THE ART CRITIC'S DILEMMA.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Surely the time has arrived when the art loving public have a right to expect a little more courage, and a great deal more intelligent guidance, from art critics. The observations that I propose to offer in the course of this letter will be confined to the Graphic Arts, although the whole field of art criticism is well worthy of investigation; especially, I am told, is this the case with regard to music, where art criticism is admittedly deplorable.

As a people, we are, it is said, far behind other continental nations in an intelligent appreciation of art. There has, nevertheless, been a very marked improvement in this respect during the last ten years. This improvement is, however, certainly not due to the critics. The public have left them far behind, and indeed if they had not, no advancement would have been made. I am told, and I have every reason to believe it to be true, that the failure to which I have referred is in the main due to two causes. On the one hand, the intimate association between art critics, artists, and publishers, prevents the art critics coming out into the open. Again, they hesitate to make any bold assertion lest posterity, the final judge, should show them up as false prophets.

It seems to me there is another reason. Art critics are too catholic, they do not specialise sufficiently, and as a consequence can have no profound knowledge of the subjects on which they write.

Mr. A., for instance, criticises "Oil paintings," "Water Colour Drawings," "Wash Drawings," "Mezzotints," "Pen Drawings," "Pencil Drawings," "Woodcutting," "Stipple," "Lithography," "Etchings," "Line Engravings," and any other examples of the Graphic Arts that may exist. As this is his profession, it is I suppose necessary that he should cover this wide field, as if he were to specialise on one subject alone, he would only be able to write half a dozen reviews in the course of twelve months, which would hardly be a paying proposition. It is clear that no one man can be expected to write intelligently on all these subjects, or to have a sufficiently intimate knowledge of them to warrant the attempt being made.

Both collectors of experience, and young collectors, call for something more than superficial criticism, they require that the subject that is being discussed shall be probed to its very depth.

The only way by which they are likely to get this will be for private collectors of experience to emerge from their seclusion, and occasionally give the public the benefit of their special knowledge.

Let me give one or two concrete cases. About two years ago there was an unusually representative collection of 'Zorn' etchings on exhibition in London. The various critics one and all dismissed the whole thing in a few lines. No one would have imagined they were discussing one of the greatest etchers of all time. No real attempt was made to emphasise the great things as distinguished from those of little or no importance. No special reference was made to brilliant impressions as distinguished from poor ones, the most vital consideration of all to the collector and art lover.

Take again the exhibition of "McBey" etchings now on view at Messrs. Colnaghi & Obach, in New Bond Street: only one intelligent and helpful criticism has appeared, and from the language in which it was couched I am confident it was not written by one of the regular art critics. One criticism that I noticed concluded as follows:

"The lover of the etcher's art cannot fail to enjoy this exhibition, even though he may be induced by what he sees to stay his judgment as to the degree and quality of the artist's inspiration, as to the exact measure of his technical capacity."

This forsooth, in respect of an artist who, in the judgment of collectors of experience is an admitted master of the needle.

The words "Wait and See" could well have been substituted for the paragraph quoted above. The public do not want to wait and see, they look for definite guidance, and they have a right to expect it from those who write on these subjects, but at present they look in vain.

Yours truly,

A LOVER OF FINE PRINTS.

### THE GREAT EXCEPTION.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Among the solemn plausibilities that are abroad now that the future of the smaller nations is about to be settled, it is interesting to know that, behind the polemic dust his "fourteen points" have raised, resides the real President Wilson, who wrote, *à propos* of Burke, that the facile revolutionary "believes that the object of government is liberty, whereas the true object of government is justice."

The case of the Turkish armistice terms is in point. To various tribesmen and races in servitude we are prolific in promises of "autonomy"—but the very authors of that word, as indeed of all our political concepts—the Greeks—we appear hitherto to have forgotten. Yet to abandon them, while covering with our protection the Armenian remnants and the Syrian peasant, is to leave to the Ottoman his daintiest morsel, and to whet his appetite for petty persecution by the mere act of depriving him of suzerainty over the remainder.

The proceeding would be indefensible. Can we doubt that the evil plight of the three million Hellenes in Asia Minor would be intensified hereafter? One foresees that if their claim to Justice be obscured while other races receive Liberty, every, even to the least, trace of independence will be borne down. Thenceforward, with what degree of consistency can we indulge in the patois of "liberty" while our silence denies it to its first exemplars? What answer, again, shall we return to the arid souls who would erase Greek from our schools while we condone the offence of the Turk who has done precisely this thing throughout Asia Minor?

Yours, &c.,

Manchester.

PHIL-HELLENE.

### PEACE.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—It is the fitting moment to ponder thoughtfully the real significance of the mighty drama which has now reached its catastrophe. For upon the heartfelt and intense recognition by men of this true meaning depends the possibility of a regenerated and righteous world for which we long.

Deep joy is natural and imperative in hailing this advent of Peace; not mere shouting and flag-waving; not simply exultation; nor the transient feeling, however genuine, of release from darkness and oppression, but an abiding state of emotion which embodies the power and intent of renovation of the future spirit and aims of our individual lives.

In the profound words of Jesus Christ—words which yield an ampler and more gracious truth the more patiently they are studied—not an event occurs in national as in personal experience "without your Father." When, accordingly, war was proclaimed in 1914, and nations spontaneously responded to the endurance of every sacrifice in conflict with the dominion of physical force, they were inspired by God to this effort—acting, as He does, through human agencies for the maintenance of His righteousness of rule. Other and inferior elements might possibly have commingled, but the Divine Spirit that ordered and guided the impulse and animation was the Controlling Divine Command. The result is not therefore, in the remotest or most shadowy degree, a military victory of nation over nation; no portent is it, in any sense, for a so-called (and ignorantly miscalled) democracy; it is no Divine favour accorded to one people in preference



to another; the intrusion of "military glory" or prowess is not simply an irrelevancy but a crime: the process and catastrophe form the clear revelation of God's care for the authentic progress of man and His assertion of righteousness as the sole order of universal life. The sorrows and sufferings all peoples have endured constitute, we believe, His purposed modes of purification towards a truer nature and conduct; and unless we solemnly take them thus individually to heart, the hope of a regenerated world, now rendered possible, has vanished into irremediable gloom.

This then is the spirit in which we should survey this enlightening revelation of Divine Character and Empire; the faithful negation of self—the essence of all evil and largely the motive dominating history in the past—as evidence of our profound gratitude for this delivery; the steadfast devotion of life to the exercise of God's declared rule, with its involved obligation to our fellow-men of universal good-will and mutual aid; and the consequent extinction of every thought that one class of society or another should possess the sway, but that every class should be linked together in common efforts for the service of all.

Yours faithfully,

T. E. YOUNG, B.A., F.R.A.S.

108, Evering Road,  
Stoke Newington, N. 6. Nov. 11, 1918.

### THE DICKENS CIRCLE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I have been reading with interest your notice of "The Dickens Circle." Everyone met by Dickens appears to have become one of his "friends," according to the book. A few months before Dickens died he said, "I have an enormous crowd of acquaintances—intimate, casual, professional and everything else. I never use the word 'friend' lightly. I consider that my 'friends' in the full sense of the word are three only—John Forster, Wilkie Collins, Georgiana Hogarth."

Forster's first volume, the 'Life,' was thoroughly veracious, but it would have enraged Dickens, who had passed into oblivion his wretched boyhood, the family scrapes and struggles, and all the rest of it. He latterly wished it to be supposed that he had been reared in a "comfortable, middle-class home," as was absolutely falsely asserted by one of his early biographers. Forster's third volume was worthless, through its misrepresentations and its inveterate suppressions. It was impossible to deal in any satisfactory way with the last twelve years of Dickens' life without adequate notice of his separation from his wife, what happened before it, the circumstances attending it, and what followed it.

X.

### SHALL WE HANG THE KAISER?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Though, in cold blood, I could not drown a mouse, but, if it had to be done, would have to get someone else to do it, I am in complete agreement with Mr. Horace Bleackley, when he urges in THE SATURDAY REVIEW that the Kaiser should be hanged. Unfortunately, however, there are people in this country in influential positions, as I notice in the Press, who, while they would punish with the greatest severity the Kaiser's instruments, are evidently anxious to spare the Kaiser himself. Is this due, I wonder, to a contemptible flunkeyism or to a weak sense of justice? Possibly, it may be, to a little of each.

The Kaiser has either committed, or has instigated or has connived at every crime which it has ever entered into the heart or mind of man to conceive. It is not necessary to try him. Out of his own mouth he stands condemned.

He claims to be the All-Highest, whose lightest word is law. Nay—horrible to relate—he even claims partnership with the Deity on "unconditional" terms. Claiming thus to be all-powerful, he must be held responsible for the whole of this iniquity and its accompanying horrors.

Not in the legions

Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd

In evils to top the Kaiser.

He must go—let us trust to a better place than Germany—but "anywhere, anywhere, out of the world."

Faithfully yours,

A. KIPLING COMMON.

Cocoa Tree Club,  
St. James's Street, S.W. 1.

### NE SUTOR ULTRA CREPIDAM.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—There is an illuminating thumb-nail sketch of a game of cricket in Mr. H. G. Wells's novel, 'Joan and Peter':—

"For a day or two Troop and Joan kept aloof, watching one another. Then she caught him out rather neatly at single wicket cricket; he had a weakness for giving catches at point and she had observed it. 'Caught!' he said, approvingly. Also she snicked and slipped and at last slogged boldly at his patronizing under-arm bowling. 'There's a Twister,' he said, like an uncle speaking to a child."

No writer with knowledge of the game in question would have written the words which I have transcribed in italics. It is possible, though not probable, that Troop might have demonstrated his "weakness" in the manner alleged by Mr. Wells, but no prefect of a modern school would inform a girl friend, though he wished to "patronize," that he was going to give her a "twister." Whatever his shortcomings, the public school boy does not commit howlers in slang, and he would prefer to use the word "break." Troop, also, would wonder why Mr. Wells, having stumbled into the terminological exactitude of "snicked," should perpetrate such an unauthorised tautology as "slipped."

Mr. Wells's attitude towards the game of tennis is no less amazing. In dealing with Troop's strokes, which are described as "very hard and very swift," Joan specializes in "short returns" most effectively. It does not seem to have occurred to the novelist that, unless his heroine was a good player, the great majority of these "short returns" would have fallen upon her side of the net, and if she was an expert she would have adopted a less hazardous method. Before Mr. Wells decided that the game of tennis, like all other things in the world, is in need of his reforming hand, he should be quite sure that he really understands it.

HORACE BLEACKLEY.

19, Cornwall Terrace, N.W. 4.

### THE EVILS OF FREE TRADE AND TARIFF REFORM.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I have no doubt that there is still a large mass of people, both educated and uneducated, who cling to the belief, that we should do our utmost, when Peace arrives, to maintain our pre-war Free Trade conditions. It is also true, unless I am greatly mistaken, that there is an ever-increasing mass of people, of all degrees of learning, who favour such a system of trade after the war, as has been so continuously and strenuously advocated by all Tariff Reformers since the famous, but somewhat unfortunate campaign of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. For anyone to suggest that all these people, of both parties, are wrong, he must run the risk of being credited with astounding audacity and alarming conceit. Yet such are my reflections on this subject that I feel there are good grounds for adopting this attitude. The evils of Free Trade are more practical than theoretical. They are found, not so much in the consideration of the ideal, as in its practical workings. In other words, if all nations and peoples adopted Free Trade there would cease to be objections to it, as a system of trade. The principal objection to Free Trade is that it offers practically unlimited opportunities to those who do not adopt it to exploit those

who do. I feel, also, that there are one or two practical objections to a system of Tariff Reform. We have so much evidence of what a multiplication of Government officials means that we must realize the importance of making our system of revenue as simple as possible, and sweeping away all but absolutely essential Government posts. There is another objection to Tariff Reform, and it is from a consumer's point of view. It encourages "dumping." It is not right that English consumers should pay twice as much for English manufactured goods as what foreigners would pay for those same articles. We must protect ourselves and our own industries. I suggest that we do so by a system of licenses for importation, *without charges*, and raise our revenue by other means. Suppose we find that our agricultural efforts ought to be able to raise  $x$  tons of wheat, and we estimate our needs at  $x + y$  tons. We would invite offers of application for license to supply us with  $y$  tons of wheat, and in making the allotment we would take into consideration the quality expected in the offer and the nature of the producer, whether foreign, or colonial, etc. Those who obtained a license to send us one  $n$ th part of  $y$  tons of wheat would take their chance in an open market, and the price would be determined by commercial considerations, and not political considerations.

By this means we could gradually cut down our agricultural imports and give our own people that state protection for agriculture, which Lord Lee advocates in *The Observer*. Miss Margaret Ashton, of Manchester, in a public lecture, once stated that Tariff Reform was immoral. It is surely not immoral for a father who gives his children money to specify what shops they shall patronize. If the State also exercises this function I cannot see how any charge of maintaining an immoral system can be brought against it. Some industries might be regarded as so essential that no licenses would be issued for importation of the articles produced by similar industries outside the country. Although, if English people were on a holiday in a foreign country they ought not to be prevented from buying any article for their own use, and bringing it to this country free of duty, and so keeping up that spirit of adventure and intercourse which English people have always maintained. In addition to licenses for importation, licenses for manufacture might be instituted on similar lines for certain home industries, notably that of alcohol, which, according to statistics, was manufactured in larger quantities than was good for the welfare of the nation in times of peace. It would also do away with that fanatical proposal of buying out the Drink Trade. In days of peace, when the Admiralty tenders were issued the shareholders of a firm which missed a tender never received any Government compensation. Their shares had to take their chance on the Stock Exchange along with the others. In the same way, if this system was put into operation, and brewers did not receive that allotment of license for manufacture which they expected, they would not be foolishly compensated out of the public purse. It would also be an inducement to those who were successful to keep up the quality for fear of judgment. I would also suggest that it should be made illegal for conditions to be such that any foreigner could buy an English-made article cheaper than an English person could buy it in England. All allotments of license to import should be stated in tons, and not in terms of money. For example, we might require  $w$  tons of motor cars—deluxe from France, Italy, or Spain, or  $z$  tons of cheap cars from U.S.A. If our pre-war standards are any criterion of what our post-war standard will be, the latter is the most likely to happen.

I am, yours sincerely,

W. ROGERS.

12, Upleatham Road, Saltburn-by-the-Sea,  
27th October, 1918.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—As one now a citizen of another nation, permit me, without being regarded as guilty of impertinence, to comment upon a subject that, being a matter of taxation, may be claimed as a matter alone the business

of those whom it concerns. That is a reference to the past, and possible future effects, of the fiscal policy of England on its own interests and those of the Empire.

Facsimiles of German advertisements published in the precious fatherland advising the Huns to purchase no enemy goods, and thus avoid economically increasing the military strength of degenerate and villainous foes, have been regarded as samples of such excellent advice and reasoning by many American firms that translations of the same have been extensively used, without comment, as the best advertisement for the sale of a similar class formerly largely supplied by Germany. My business of a commercial traveller—or drummer as we are called in America—frequently brings me in contact with business men in British Columbia and the far Western parts of Canada.

And right here, without the slightest intention of butting in on any gentleman with whom free trade is a fetish, I would mention some of the opinions I have heard expressed by men of this class in reference to its operation in England and the effects elsewhere. I made careful notes of many of these statements. Here are three of them:—

"Since Germany became a nation British free trade has largely supplied her with the means of preparing for war."

"Subsidized German manufactures carried at nominal transportation rates over state-owned railroads to the port of export, and dumped into England without restriction, until British competition, receiving no such assistance, was destroyed, practically gave Germany rich monopolies in Britain, whose profits have been largely turned into the cannon and shells that are killing and wounding our boys on the Western Front to-day. We shall not, as Lincoln said, swap horses while crossing a stream, but if this system is to continue in England, after this war ends, to provide Germany and her friends with the means to begin another, then we must, as practical men, brush aside sentiment and for the safety of our own vital interests seriously consider the question of our continuation within the Empire as one of its chief divisions."

"Free Trade is an arrant humbug that has been kicked off the premises in every self-governing part of the Empire outside of Great Britain. England is wedded to an obsolete joss that is largely the cause of the war."

When I left England some seventeen years ago, I bought a watch a few hours before the steamer left London, and, being in a hurry, had to take one of German make, from a shop in the Commercial Road, because its German proprietor sold no British goods. And here, in Seattle, I am acquainted with a prosperous manufacturer of a certain class of ship fittings, who had to leave London some years ago, followed by many of his workmen, because the fetish had handed his business and their occupation over to Germany.

Yours truly,

R. E. MALLORY.

Seattle, Washington, U.S.A.

#### WHAT IS A MUSICIAN?

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—“Common Sense” hardly lives up to his pen name. He says “A circus horse is obviously pleased at the sensation he feels, as he prances round to the accompaniment of the orchestra.”

“Common Sense” has rather curious ideas of what constitute “pleasurable sensations,” as the horse “prances” (to use his quaint description of the contre galop) impelled, not by pleasure, but a sharp spur held against his further side.

A circus horse does not “prance” in time to music, but the band master keeps time to the horse.

What a pity this is not done to dancing couples at balls as they stilt round utterly regardless of time.

WALTER WINANS.

Carlton Hotel, S.W. 1,

October 26th, 1918.

[Several important letters are held over to next week for lack of space.—ED. S.R.]



## REVIEWS.

## PROTECTIVE MIMICRY.

*The Great War—Fourth Year.* Paintings by C. R. W. Nevinson, with an Introductory Essay by J. E. Crawford Fitch. Grant Richards. 15s. net.

*British Artists at the Front.* C. R. W. Nevinson; Paul Nash; Eric Kennington. Country Life. 5s. net. each.

WE are recommended on very high authority to avoid the appearance of evil, but it has always been understood that the advice is meant for those who wish to succeed in the next world, not in this one. Nowadays old Bacon's remark that the mixture of a lie with truth ever adds pleasure, is a good deal nearer the mark for a man who is out to succeed in any walk of life from art to politics. A mixture of the lie only, be it observed, for to get on in the majority of cases a man has to deliver the goods; his law must be sound, his writing readable, his subject worthy, and if he is to make a success, popular. The English people have, on the whole, a sound instinct for getting their money's worth when they are expected to pay out their cash, and in the case of pictures they do so by going to painters of established reputation and buying the ordinary Academy portrait or landscape. But this habit of theirs makes it difficult for a young man to get into the charmed circle of "best-sellers." In England, the people who write about art, and make the names of painters household words in our ears very rarely buy pictures, though they are not averse, in the majority of cases, to turning a more or less honest penny by dealing in them; while those who can afford to buy, rarely, or never in the case of men who can pay high prices, have sufficient knowledge or feeling to back their own judgment in the case of an unknown man.

A youthful painter who wishes to get on in his profession, as he has every right to do, must make the critic write about him, at the same time producing pictures that will appeal to the man who pays. In the long run, in painting as in other professions, the man who pays the piper will call the tune; the man who orders a portrait wants its subject handed down to posterity as his contemporaries see it, sharpened it may be by the vision of the artist. Thus the artist must always be a little ahead of his public, but not so far as to be unintelligible to them; he has to conciliate both worlds. Mr. Nevinson, some of whose paintings are here reproduced in two forms, has been able to do this, not consciously or of set purpose of course, but so much the happier for him. He has run through all the fashionable "isms"—Impressionism, Post-Impressionism, Expressionism, Cubism, Futurism—and learned their tricks, but he had the inestimable advantage of having learned to paint solidly and well before he began to sow his wild oats. He comes out to-day with sharpened and renewed vision due to them, as the English Pre-Raphaelites had theirs sharpened by photography, while on the way he has acquired the esteem of such critics as Mr. Campbell Dodgson, the worship, we might almost call it, of such neophytes as Mr. Fitch, and a well-founded confidence in himself, as witnessed by his most recent pronouncement.

Mr. Nevinson, has, undoubtedly, the making of a great artist in him; he has the power, instinctively, of reproduction, of choosing a subject which at once interests his public and allows him to display his artistic intelligence and exercise it to the full. His path is clearly marked out from the Café Royal to the Savile Club, the Arts, and he is obviously predestined for the Academy at an early date. Here his robust self-asser-

tion, and the sympathy with vulgarity which the treatment of "War Profiteers" seems to evince, will aid him in shouldering his way through the crowd of Associates to the ranks of the Forty, and our prophetic vision follows him, mellowed by Academy Banquets, to the steps of the Presidential Chair itself. In the meantime he pursues his unfettered course. Those who can appreciate gay arrangements of kaleidoscopic pattern bounded by the four walls of a frame will find them discreetly stowed away in a corner of the exhibition, ready for presentation to a prospective client, but not obtruded on the notice of the ordinary man. Sometimes indeed, as in "The Bomber," the "ism" serves usefully to disguise the exceptional bad drawing of the hip and thigh by the streams of force enveloping the figure. But such cases are rare, and Mr. Nevinson is bold enough to give us the old academic art with a new face, and we are grateful for it.

Mr. Eric Kennington stands at the parting of the ways, and he would be bold who should prophesy his future. He has a vision tempered by those of Ford Madox Brown and William Strang, with a power of expression quite his own. To have a picture in the Luxembourg at his age is a quite unexampled happening to an English painter. But it must be confessed that these paintings do not show advance over, and sometimes fall far below, such a masterpiece as "The Kensingtons at Laventie." "The Ward in a Casualty Clearing Station" is an example. We cannot see the wood for the trees; the details of dress, etc., distract the attention from what should be the principal subject of the drawing. Yet there are others which promise high things in portraiture and subject—which are, in fact, already great achievements.

Mr. Paul Nash suffers under the disability of being a genius. He is a poet in paint as he was in words. He has vision, he understands and feels the woe of the inanimate. "It is not possible to paint truly how this war has swept man, because horror will not permit this truth to be said. It is possible to depict the devastation of Nature, because partly we cannot understand the full horror, and partly because through it we may come to a deeper realisation of what the catastrophe may mean to man." It is great praise that these words can be used of Mr. Nash's work. Those who would distinguish between technical excellence and genius should put side by side with "Sanctuary Wood" or "Nightfall" Mr. Nevinson's "That Cursed Wood." Mr. Nash may never obtain the success of Mr. Nevinson, but Mr. Nevinson will never attain by striving the peculiar mastery inborn in Mr. Nash.

It remains to be said that each part of "British Artists at the Front" contains fifteen or more reproductions, usually in the three-colour process, of paintings or drawings with introductions critical and explanatory, while "The Great War" contains twenty-four reproductions in process, and a three-colour frontispiece. Both methods, in Mr. Nevinson's case, have their special qualities and the defects of these qualities, and it is interesting to compare the different reproductions of the same picture.

## A DARTMOOR DIARY.

*The Dartmoor Window Again.* By Beatrice Chase. Longmans 6s. net.

WE confess that for us there is always something embarrassing in the work of those who look through windows—whether college or otherwise—and write about it.

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Perhaps it is because their gaze is, as a rule, chiefly concentrated upon themselves. Miss Chase, whose real name (as she carefully explains in a parenthesis which seems to make her pseudonym unnecessary) is Miss Olive Katharine Parr, proves no exception to the rule. From the casement of her Dartmoor cottage—looking from within outwards—she shows us her garden, with herself in it; the Tors, with herself on them; farmers and cottagers prostrate at her feet, and a Canterbury Tales' load of pilgrims who, it would appear, come to Dartmoor on purpose to see her. Looking from without inwards we again see herself, but this time in the setting of the Room of Sunshine and the Room of Shadow, and in the company of her mother, the Rainbow Maker. Why do such names make us hot all over? And why should Miss Parr's communings with Nature and her soul—and her faithful diary of daily doings—leave us irritable and uncomfortable? Is it because they are tinged with self-complacency and a certain pseudo-humility which seems to belong to such records? Whatever the reason, we regret it, for Miss Parr can write well. She has real feeling for her own countryside. Her descriptions of it—when she gets away from herself—are those of a lover, and therefore of an artist.

#### TRANSFORMATION.

**The Rough Road.** By W. J. Locke. The Bodley Head. 6s. 6d net.

IT is natural, surely, that Mr. Locke, when he takes to writing a war novel, should retain the delicately fantastic methods of his earlier authorship. This being so, it is perhaps ungracious to observe that, in the first place, the love-interest plays a part which severely strains our power of belief. It cannot often happen that an English soldier forsakes his post in order to recover a buried treasure, the inheritance of a French girl whom he admires. Secondly, we must decline to believe in the early history of "Doggie" Trevor, Mr. Locke's hero. We have seen boys brought up in the most unboy-like surroundings (through a father's, more often than a mother's, whim), but education has ever in our experience been powerless to crush out the essential spirit of boyhood. A young man, in easy circumstances, and his own master, who at twenty-five has not so much as learned to ride, must be either physically or mentally defective: whereas Doggie under military training develops intelligence much above the average and a physique which carries him triumphantly through all the hardships of modern warfare. Edwin Drood becoming Datchery in the romance which has suggested a name for the Cathedral town was in comparison a mild affair. As a minor point, we question whether even War Office jobbery could have procured a commission for anyone so obviously incompetent as poor Doggie. But, having made these criticisms, we have only praise for the author's artistic handling of his theme. Doggie's regeneration is worked out through voluntary enlistment in the ranks; and the experiences, humorous or terrible, which widen his spiritual horizon seem to us very real.

His allegiance is contested by two girls of French and English origin respectively. Both are slightly sketched, but in both we are shown the ennobling influence of the war on hearts fundamentally honest and good, but entangled in a mesh of soul-destroying conventions.

#### FIELDS AND BATTLEFIELDS.

**Fields and Battlefields.** By 31540 R.A.M.C. Constable. 5s. net.

THE author of this little book is to be envied for his gift of expression. There are thousands who have passed through the like experiences, not only in this present war, but in earlier ones, who though they can feel intensely, are powerless to convey to others any adequate pictures of what they have undergone. But 31540 never trips; his word-pictures,

whether they deal with life behind the lines, or with the worst inferno of a dug-out first-aid station, well in the danger zone, leave a clear-cut vivid impression on the wax of his reader's mind that will but hardly indelibly with time.

The relations between our soldiers and their French hosts and hostesses are excellently portrayed, and the perfectly fearless way in which young women, girls, and children moved about among the crowds of troops is the best testimony to the innate chivalry dwelling in all classes of our people that could be desired.

The crushing, almost hopeless fatigue of a long night march has seldom been more graphically told; indeed, there is hardly an incident or reflection by the author or his mates that one would wish to see omitted. Among these is, however, one spoken thought that touched us more strongly than almost anything called forth by the horror, the suffering of the war. Lying some five miles behind the fighting line the R.A.M.C. detachment was awakened one night by the smell of chlorine gas, and as they sniffed the tainted air they realised that a gas attack had been launched. For a moment each man admitted to himself the germ of a panic in his own mind, but, proper precautions being promptly taken, they all stood quietly awaiting the coming of the first victims. It was their initial experience with gas patients, and the misery told on their nerves most cruelly. When the worst of it was over, the casualties sorted, and the acute cases dead, one of the Detachment Sergeants, an old Regular, who had seen much service up and down the world, turned to the author and said, strongly moved: "This kind of thing makes me want to suffer everything for everyone." The same unspoken thought was in the writer's own mind. The only possible comment on this Christlike spirit are the wonderful verses from Archbishop Alexander's poem on the Boer war:

"They say that 'war is hell, the great accursed,  
The sin impossible to be forgiven—  
Yet I can look beyond it at its worst,  
And still find blue in heaven.  
"And as I note how nobly natures form  
Under the war's red rain I deem it true,  
That He Who made the earthquake and the storm  
Perchance makes battles too.  
"The Life He loves is not the life of span  
Abbreviated by each passing breath,  
It is the true humanity of Man  
Victorious over death."

#### PHILANTHROPY.

**Polly and the Princess.** By Emma C. Dowd. Jarrold. 7s. 6d. net.

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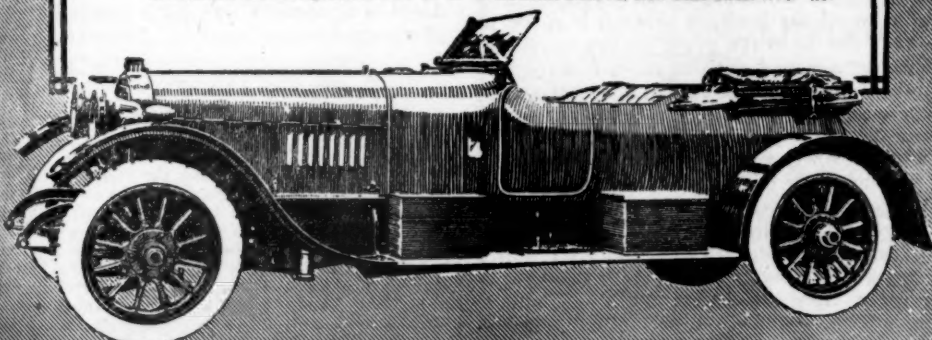
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to us, is an inmate of the above home ultimately taken to wife *en secondes nocces* by a well-to-do philanthropist; a piece of promotion in no way, so far as we can see, deserved. The story gives a lively picture of the results achieved by dishonest officials under the nominal control of an apathetic committee, the benevolent foundress's money being lavished on expensive carpets and unnecessary building, while the dinners are denuded of pudding and pie. The whole is pervaded by that soothing atmosphere proper to a certain type of American fiction and induced, as we believe, by adherence to two excellent principles: "Despise not the day of small things," and "It is never too late to mend."

#### MUSIC AND MORALS.

**Martin Schüler.** By Romer Wilson. Methuen. 7s. net.

NOVELISTS, or so Robert Browning complained, have in this respect an unfair advantage that they can freely attribute what qualities they please to their characters by way of description; whereas all such claims made by dramatists must needs be verified in action. This somewhat unsubstantial privilege is pushed to its utmost limits by the author of "Martin Schüler." His hero, we are told, is a genius; but as his genius lies in the direction of composing music, we are obliged to take it on trust. An unmitigated blackguard he certainly is; but even this piece of confirmatory evidence does not carry entire conviction. The gift of fascination with which he is credited seems to us equally non-existent; and the numerous women and men who, in the course of the story fling themselves under his feet are not far from receiving our sympathy. The setting is peculiar, and not without interest. We have a curious picture of Kultur, as represented by a *salon* in modern Berlin. The narrative ends with Martin Schüler's death in June 1914, and no allusion is made to the war.

#### THE EPIC OF FLANDERS.

**The Legend of the Glorious Adventures of Tyl Ulenspiegel in the Land of Flanders and elsewhere.** By Charles de Coster. Translated by Geoffrey Whitworth. Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d. net.

RARELY, indeed, has any book summed up better the virtues and failings of its native soil, than this history of Ulenspiegel (who is not Tyl Ulenspiegel at all), written by a Fleming of Flanders in ten years of labour, and first published in 1868. And at this moment, when our eyes are fixed on the final enfranchisement of Flanders from a new, if shorter, slavery than that of which this story tells, it is on the virtues of the race that our memories chiefly dwell. For Flanders is the birthplace and nursery of civic freedom, and for that it has fought not once nor twice with tenacious heroism, and its citizens have counted the sacrifice of goods and life as a worthy price for the maintenance of their stubborn wills. Ulenspiegel and his love, Nele, are the very spirit and soul of Flanders, and it is more than an intuition, it is a prophecy, that when at the close of the book an attempt is made to bury them, they rise from the grave on the sea-shore, shake themselves free and set out on a new voyage through the land "singing their sixth song, and none knoweth where the last was sung."

Tyl Ulenspiegel (or Owlglass) is a compendium of what mediæval North Germany found amusing in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Originally in low German, it was printed for the first time in German in 1519. There is a certain amount of humour, of the low comedy sort, a great deal of dirt, and a large proportion of crime, but very little obscenity. Its popularity was great from the start, and it is still a favourite chapbook. Among other places, Ulenspiegel's tomb was shown in Damme, and when de Coster was looking round for a hero of Flemish legend, the buffoon naturally suggested himself.

Avoiding the name of Tyl, he made him the son of a fisher, Claes, and his wife, Soetkin, growing up in the days when the Inquisition was imported from Spain by Alva under the commands of Philip, and aiding the struggle for freedom carried on by William the Silent and the Beggars of the Sea. Some seventeen chapters of the first book (there are five books in the original) are borrowed from or founded on the old legend: the rest of the book is newly invented.

It is not a romance: it is a prose epic—Rabelaisian if you will—a Rabelais of beer, not of wine. Nothing of Don Quixote, nothing of the young scholar of 'The Cloister and the Hearth.' It is the golden legend of a people which suffers silently in the hands of its tormentors and never desponds, which laughs in its misery, and whose hope and valour never fail. And the labour of its author has not been lost. The cadence of its prose is masterly, not French but Flemish, free from the chains of the period.

The translation of such a work is no easy task. Its style might easily be made jerky, its simplicity tedious, while there are dangers in its humour. Mr. Whitworth has avoided these by cutting out over one-third of the original, and by adopting a style of his own choice founded ultimately on sixteenth century English. His translation is reasonably accurate, something like a photograph a little out of focus. It irritates no one who does not know the original that "viola" is paid for *viole*, and does not affect the sense, that is all you can say for it. Mr. Delstanche's woodcuts are original and full of power, and the printing and type are excellent.

#### NEO PLATONISM.

**The Neo-Platonists: a Study in the History of Hellenism.** By Thomas Whittaker. 2nd Edition. Cambridge University Press. 12s. net.

WE are glad to welcome a reissue of this valuable book, first issued in 1901 with an interesting account, in a supplement, of the Commentaries of Proclus. Otherwise it is little altered; a few expressions in the notes have been toned down, a few references added, but the author has found nothing to modify in his views, with the exception of an appendix on the Gnostics.

The growth of Neo-Platonism may be regarded from two quite opposite points of view. One set of thinkers regard it as the influence which barred the science of Greece from growth and delayed the development of modern thought by many centuries. On the other hand, it is considered to be the bridge between classical and Christian thought: that Augustine reaches Plato through Plotinus.

Mr. Whittaker's book still remains far and away the best on its subject. It is original and well-documented, easily written and easily read, well and completely planned. His appendix on Gnosticism is especially interesting, though there are considerable amounts of Hermetic fragments which when gathered will modify the current views on Hermetic literature. The teaching of Plotinus, Proclus, Iamblichus, Porphyry and their successors has been summarised and elucidated in a masterly way, with due regard to the needs of non-professional readers. There is a useful index.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'The Fortnightly Review' (3s. net) is exceptionally readable. Prof. G. H. Gilbert describes the real religion of the Hohenzollern Kaiser from his own words; the Vicomte Davignon writes on the future of Belgium and claims complete independence; Mr. Spender advocates a general election as necessary and beneficial. 'The Red Flag in Siberia' gives a picture of Bolshevik rule in Eastern Siberia by an American, and a first-rate beginning is made to a series of papers on 'How Napoleon Fell.' The thing in the number to our mind is the 'Imaginary Conversation.' Mr. Gosse is allowed a better chance, but he still does not use the chances that Mr. Moore's extravagant denigration of Seton gives him. The article by Mr. Gosse on Raleigh is one of the very good things, and Dennis Eadie, writing on the theatre, attacks its present controllers—a very old tale.



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'The Nineteenth Century' (3s.) leads off with the question by Dr. Shadwell how Germany can have its guilt brought home to its own conscience, and its national arrogance eradicated. Complete military defeat and the public trial of offenders against international law are the preliminary measures he advocates. Mr. Wyatt has a paper in the same key, and M. Cammaerts restates Belgium's war aims. Mr. Balfour-Browne attacks the proposed levy on capital, and Mr. Barker thinks the War Debt negligible as a hindrance to prosperity. Mr. Lilly writes on the Ajax and the Philoctetes, paying tribute which is welcome. It is pleasant to have a renewal of interest in Sophocles after the lengthy turn given to Euripides. Mrs. Lucas writes on teaching Mathematics as if the world could afford one teacher to every child. Much better results than hers have been got by trained private tutors. There is a good article on César Franck.

'The National Review' (3s. net) is out of luck in that it had to be printed before the collapse of Bulgaria, Turkey, and of course Austria. Lord Edward Gleichen disposes of the nonsense about Germany's "repentance," and Mr. Maxse thinks it not impossible that Downing Street will even now be able to save Germany. Mr. Cornford shows exactly how the return of the German colonies would put the control of the sea in war in their hands, and Mr. Justice Younger's report is duly summarised. The 'National' always gets hold of a good yarn, this month it is "The Whack and the Smack."

'Blackwood's Magazine' (2s. 6d.) contains two papers of the highest value—Mr. Charles Whibley on Sir Walter Raleigh and Quex (who is a Gunner) on the retreat of March under the title of 'Pushed.' We do not remember to have read anything which produced an impression of hour to hour struggle with circumstance, the pressure of an unseen yet oncoming enemy, like this. 'Musings Without Method' are as vigorous as ever in their denunciation of Viscount Grey and half measures. Mr. Strahan's 'Bench and Bar of England' has a number of anecdotes new to the general public, and, we believe, to the profession. We shall hope to see more from him on the same subject. There is a good account of Nicosia, and a story which begins like a Conrad and ends like a Clark Russell, 'The Test.'

'The Cornhill Magazine' (1s. net) has for its war article a good narrative of 'The Taking of Beersheba,' by Captain Coldicott, describing the movement of the troops and the fighting in that very difficult hill country. Lord Eversley gives us some reminiscences, which deal with Lord Byron and his real belief in Greek independence. The 'Letters of Ten Literary Men' only remind one of the difficulty of writing so that anyone could tell you were a literary man. Mr. Temple on 'The Anatomy of Lying' shows the sort of problems a native administrator is up against all the time. There are two short stories.

'The Quarterly Review' for October (6s.) contains three articles of especial interest to Imperial thinkers; that on the government of native races by the late Lieut.-Governor of Nigeria, in which he champions the system of indirect rule, supporting it by his own experience; and two on India by Sir Valentine Chirol and the late J. M. Russell. The Warden of Wadham writes on the conquest of Gaul as seen from Rome, and contrasts it with our own attitude towards distant wars in a very interesting way, and Mr. Arthur Waugh reviews the 'War Poetry' with much understanding and delicate appreciation. These are undoubtedly the best papers in the Review. Mr. Horatio Brown does not make anything like the best use of a mine of material which is well known to students. Lord Sumner is contemptuous of 'A Tame House of Lords,' and we have a good restatement of the Polish question by the Editor of the *Journal de Genève*. The number is one marked rather by serious thought and sound argument than by an attempt at actuality.

'The Edinburgh Review' (6s. net) opens with Mr. Steed's revised 'Programme for Peace,' which is so far a misnomer as to ignore our responsibility for the pacification of autocratic Europe in revolution. We are surprised to see an article on 'Labour and the General Election' by a man whose claim to speak on the subject carries no weight in any quarter. Mr. Trevelyan, Mr. David Hannay, and Mr. Horatio Brown contribute historical articles, two of the three well written. Mr. Edmund Gosse champions the Victorian Age against the gay insolence of Mr. Lytton Strachey, and makes his case—at any rate to our mind. Miss Petre affirms that the enemy of patriotism is not Roman Catholicism but Ultramontanism, a distinction of little practical importance while Ultramontanism rules the roast in Rome. Dr. Nair writes on the Caste system as a factor in the proposed democratic government of India, and the Editor deals with Imperial Preference from his well-known point of view. 'The Philosophy of Pessimism' stands out as a striking and brilliant exposition of the system.

'Science Progress' for October (5s. net), besides those summaries of current work which make its chief value for readers, contains two special articles, one by Mr. Spencer Jones, of the Greenwich Observatory, on the building of the great telescope on Mount Wilson, the other by Messrs. Mottram and Green on the colour vision of insects and birds, on the uses of red and blue and of complementary colours in aiding or diminishing visibility. Dr. Collinge shows, by an examination of crop-contents, that the pheasant, partridge, and grouse are really the farmers' friends. It may be so, but it will take some time for the news to penetrate.

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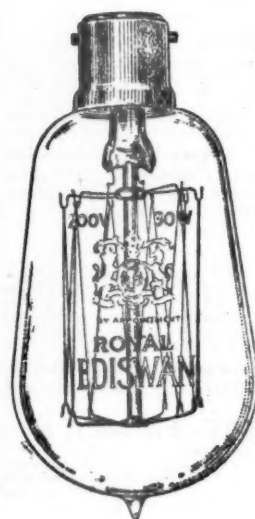
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## OUR LIBRARY TABLE—(Continued).

'The Law Quarterly Review' for October (5s. net) has as articles of not purely professional interest, Dr. Senior on 'The Master Mariner's Authority' and Mr. Quickett on 'Local Government and Devolution.' Capt. Wright connects primitive law with belief in survival after death, but brings no new elements to the discussion, and there are two papers on Roman law, that by Judge de Villiers being of interest to colonial and Scottish practitioners.

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## THE CITY.

The end of the war has not brought a peace boom. It is more likely to produce hesitation and dulness in the stock markets. The cessation of hostilities had been foreseen and discounted, and those who had superfluous cash to spend in buying stocks and shares at high prices now apprehend a curtailment of their incomes in the form of war profits. The immediate horizon is shrouded by many problems and nobody can judge with any pretence of certainty the period that will be occupied by the transition from war to peace. We have seen it stated that the vast sums which during the last four years have been invested in War Loans will now no longer be required week by week and that there will consequently be an enormous surplus available to supply capital for other purposes. This view overlooks the fact that to a large extent war funds have been travelling in a circle. Money subscribed for war funds was disbursed more or less promptly by the Government in payment for goods and services. So long as these disbursements continue it will be necessary to provide war funds by taxation or by subscriptions to war bonds, and when those disbursements are curtailed the supplies or money available for investment will be likewise reduced. With the war over, nations, industries, corporations and individuals require to "take stock" of their positions.

According to an American computation, the total cost of four years' war to the principal belligerents was about 36,000 millions sterling. Great Britain comes out of the financial ordeal in better condition than at one time seemed possible, but the burden is heavy enough in all conscience. After deducting loans likely to be recovered from Allies and Dominions and allowing also for the value of realisable assets, the war debt of this country cannot be less than 5,500 millions. and the annual service in interest and sinking fund will for some years exceed 300 millions and will probably be nearer 350 millions. Excess profits tax will no longer produce 200 millions annually, and presumably other forms of taxation will take its place.

Many members of the Stock Exchange are now hoping for a removal or relaxation of the many restrictions and regulations imposed upon them when the House reopened for business in January, 1915. The main features of the regulations were the prohibition of time bargains, options and arbitrage dealings, and the provision that all business should be strictly on a cash basis. In practice the "cash" rule has become somewhat elastic, a period of five days for delivery being considered necessary and being often extended. Probably the majority of members would not be strongly opposed to a continuance of this system for a time; but they may reasonably appeal for the relaxation of regulations which necessitate the filling up of so many forms and documents, involving a great deal of clerical labour, and they may also urge that settlements should be made on fixed dates, fortnightly or even weekly, instead of daily.

It is not to be expected that open speculation on the carry-over system will be permitted in the near future. There is no doubt that the cash basis of trading has prevented several ugly slumps during the war and it would be exceedingly unwise during the early period of restoration and reconstruction to allow any opportunity for bear raids on the markets which might create needless alarm, if not panic, at a time when finance and commerce need to keep a cool head for clear thinking and broad views. It must be remembered also that there still exists a remnant of the pre-war speculative account. Probably as much as 80 per cent. of the original total has been liquidated, but the balance outside consists mainly of commitments in securities which stand at a very heavy depreciation as compared with July, 1914. The Emergency Regulations provided for the possible postponement of final settlement until a year after peace; so that problem does not call for immediate action, but it has to be borne in mind when the removal of the prohibition of speculation is under consideration.

## INTERNATIONAL FINANCIAL SOCIETY.

THE FIFTY-SIXTH ORDINARY MEETING of the International Financial Society, Limited, was held at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C., on the 14th inst., Viscount St. Davids presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. W. J. Eldridge), having read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditors,

The Chairman said: Gentlemen, I presume you will take the report and accounts as read. In looking at the report you will notice that as the result of the working of the past year we increase our carry forward by nearly £9,000. That in itself would pay 5 per cent. on the capital of the company, and you will perhaps say that there must be something worse behind the accounts or else we should have paid it. As a matter of fact, the accounts are a good deal better than they look. (Hear, hear.) Then you may ask: Why have you not paid a dividend? I will tell you why, and I will try and make it quite clear. This is not an investment company. If it were an investment company the directors would invest the money, and whether the income was large or small, we should pay it away every year to our shareholders, and whether the investments of the company in any particular year rose or fell in market value would not, as regards their income, affect the shareholders at all. This is not an investment company; this is a finance company. We make our money by buying and selling stocks and by general financial business, and a feature of this class of company is that we cannot pay a dividend unless we are satisfied that our share capital is worth 20s. in the £. That is the position. Any year in which you get a dividend you know that your share capital must necessarily be worth 20s. in the £. The war found us in this position: in addition to our debenture stock we had liabilities of about £180,000—liabilities not large in themselves, but large in proportion to the capital of the company, and on a very large part of our investments we had, owing to the war, a large depreciation. We did not make a regular valuation of our investments at the beginning of the war because it was useless, but if we had done so I am convinced that the shares of the company would not have been worth more than 8s. or 9s. in the £ at the outside. Well, we had to choose between one of two things—we had either to write down our capital, which would enable us to pay dividends again, or to build up our assets and make them worth the par value of the shares. We choose the second course. We have gradually liquidated our big outstanding liabilities. Regularly throughout the war we have been making annual profits, but we have devoted those profits to cutting losses. We have made new profits on the one hand and we have cut old losses on the other. In that way the past year was a good one for us. Our income from profits would have been very good indeed, but we had these old losses to meet, and we have met them, or at least a number of them. (Hear, hear.) To give you an illustration, we had one old investment in debentures of the Victoria and Sidney Railway, a property in British Columbia, in which the company became interested long before any of us were on the board, and we thought it well to realise a part of that security and to cut a loss. In that alone we faced a loss of £7,000 and provided for it out of the profits of the year. As stated in the report, on the 30th September last there was still a deficiency in the value of our assets, but I am glad to tell you that it was only a small one. We have not made a valuation since, but my own opinion is that if we did make a valuation to-day we should find that that deficiency has disappeared. (Hear, hear.) It might be a near thing the one way or the other. Therefore, we are in this position, that if matters hold as they are now till the end of the financial year, and if our securities are worth as much twelve months hence as they are to-day, any profits we make in the current year can be devoted again to the payment of a dividend.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman and directors concluded the meeting.

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THE TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the proprietors of the London Maritime Investment Company, Limited, was held on 11th inst., at Winchester House, Old Bailey Street, E.C., Sir Owen Philipps, G.C.M.G., M.P. (Chairman of the company), presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. F. Vernon Thomson), having read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditors.

The Chairman said: Gentlemen,—With the report and accounts now presented to you—which I assume you will take as read—the London Maritime Investment Company, Limited, attains its majority, having been founded in 1897. During this period, long enough to experience the cycles of both depression and prosperity characteristic of the shipping industry, the original stockholder has received an average dividend of  $5\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. upon his investment, or 5 per cent. upon the Preference stock and 6 per cent. per annum upon the Ordinary stock. The issued capital is now £360,000—namely, half in Five per Cent. Cumulative Preference stock and half in Ordinary stock. There are no Debentures, and the reserve fund now amounts to the substantial sum of £100,000. It will be observed that the reserve fund investments are shown separately in the balance sheet and consist of British Government stocks—namely, £75,000 Five per Cent. War Loan and £30,000 Four per Cent. (tax compounded) National War Bonds. The profit for the year under review amounted to £26,250, being a slight increase upon that for the preceding year, and after appropriating £11,140 to the reserve fund, making it £100,000, as already stated, the directors recommend a dividend of 6 per cent., less income tax, for the year, carrying forward the increased balance of £3,500 odd.

## STRONG FINANCIAL POSITION.

The accounts as printed set out clearly the position of the company, and a valuation of the company's investments as at 30th September, 1918, the date to which the accounts are made up, show that the capital and reserve fund are not only intact, but more than intact, so that after twenty-one years' existence the company is obviously in an eminently sound and satisfactory position financially. Moreover, I am glad to say that the outlook for its future is distinctly encouraging. The first essential in an investment company, as I think you will all agree with me, is security, and apart from the character of its ordinary investments, nothing is more conducive to the stability of the company and regularity of steady dividends—that is, to the best interest of the permanent investing stockholder—than a substantial reserve fund. Interested as this company is so largely in marine affairs, it is, I think, only appropriate that we should once more express our appreciation of the grand services of the men of the Royal Navy and the mercantile marine, to whom the victorious ending of the war is so largely due. (Applause.) On this 21st anniversary of the company we are meeting on a day which will probably ever remain in the history of our country as the day above all other days—the day on which our sailors and soldiers, after more than four years of arduous labours and great privations and perils, have forced the enemy to his knees and carried the British Allied arms to that glorious victory to which we have for so long been confidently looking forward. (Applause.) I now beg to move:—"That the report and accounts for the year ended 30th September, 1918, as submitted, be received and adopted, and that the dividend as therein recommended be declared and paid."

Mr. Arthur A. Baumann seconded the motion.

Mr. Dodd was re-elected a director, and the usual votes of thanks were passed.

## DICK, KERR &amp; CO., LTD.

THE ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of this company was held at the Cannon Street Hotel on the 14th inst.

Mr. Claud T. Cayley, who presided, said that the profit for the past year was not much short of that for the previous year, and in view of the fact that the directors' policy had been gradually to prepare, where possible, for the reconstruction of the business on post-war conditions, no doubt shareholders would consider the year's results satisfactory. The works had continued to be fully employed, and although, in the process of gradually changing over, there must inevitably be a hiatus of disorganization, the directors hoped to be able to retain the continuous services of a considerable portion of the company's workpeople, first of all, in the operations necessary to rearrange the factories, and later in standard production, provided raw material—such as steel forgings and castings, copper wire, etc.—was available. During the year the work of consolidating into their own organization those of Willans & Robinson and the United Electric Car Co., had been completed. An alliance had also been made with Siemens Brother & Co., Ltd., by which it was thought much economy could be attained through the amalgamation of selling organizations and co-ordination of designs and products so as to avoid overlapping. Siemens had been long established as makers of all kinds of cables, from submarine telegraph to power transmission, dynamo machinery, telephones, instruments, and so on, while Dick, Kerr & Co. had specialised in apparatus for railways and tramways, steam turbines and the larger classes of electrical machinery. The two manufacturing organizations dovetailed into each other perfectly, and only small adjustment was required to bring the commercial sides together with material benefit to both. Mr. Mure Ritchie, chairman of Siemens Brothers, had taken a seat on the Board of this company, and he (the speaker) had joined that of Messrs. Siemens. An interesting development had taken place since the last meeting in France and in Japan. That the after-war demand for their products would be very great was clear. An option agreement had been entered into with the Coventry Ordnance Works, Ltd., who owned an engineering works of modern design and equipment, which, although not at present occupied upon electrical work, could very quickly be converted to that purpose. Shareholders would be asked to consent to an exchange of their shares for those of a new company, which, in the event of the offer being accepted, would control both concerns. The Coventry Ordnance Works, Ltd., which was not a public company, had an issued capital of £800,000 and debentures of £600,000. Its proprietors were Messrs. John Brown & Co., Ltd., Messrs. Cammell Laird & Co., Ltd., and Messrs. Fairfield Shipbuilding & Engineering Co., Ltd. In addition to the armament business done by the company, they had also a considerable output of non-war material, which, it was expected, could be materially increased.

The report was unanimously adopted, and a dividend of 10 per cent. on the ordinary shares was declared.

## BUENOS AYRES WESTERN RAILWAY

THE TWENTY-NINTH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the Buenos Ayres Western Railway, Ltd., was held on the 12th inst. at River Plate House Sir Henry Bell (the Chairman), presiding, said that in addressing the shareholders a year ago he referred to the strike troubles which had occurred and the losses resulting therefrom, as well as to the company's difficulties with regard to the Pension Law, and the only bright point in his speech was the prospect of an abundant harvest. Their labour troubles were now over—at least for the present—and the new Pension Law had not yet passed, while the abundant harvest had become a reality and had given the company good traffics. The expense of working the railway, however, and carrying those traffics had been so enormously increased that the net results were very disappointing, and were the cause of the small dividend the directors were able to recommend. This question of dividend had given them more than the usual anxiety. As large shareholders the Board were fully in sympathy with those who were desirous that the company should pay as much as was prudently possible, and, looking to the improved gross earnings, it might well be argued that they could draw on the reserve fund. On the other hand, they had not earned more than they were paying, and as there was great leeway to be made up in order to bring the line, stations, and rolling stock to their pre-war standard, they felt that, as prudent men, 2 per cent. was the best dividend they could pay under the circumstances. The labour troubles had resulted in a great increase in expenses, and their experience of trying for a further increase in rates had not been a very happy one. During last winter Sir Joseph White Todd was in Buenos Aires and took an active part in all the important questions then pending. As soon as possible after the tonnage requirements of the returning troops were satisfied, Mr. Bowen and himself were going to Buenos Aires and would continue the good work commenced by Sir Joseph. Referring to the past year's figures, the Chairman pointed out that the company's coal bill had risen from £255,118 to £416,597 owing to the increased cost, while the cost of firewood had risen from £143,320 to £165,700 owing to a larger consumption. From an examination of the balance-sheet he thought shareholders would be satisfied that the company was in a very strong financial position. He looked forward to a great rush of emigration in the direction of Argentina, and it was clear that the people were well able to pay for imported luxuries, which formed the best paying traffic of the company. There had been a net increase in revenue during the first eighteen weeks of the present financial year of £229,000.